

# The Nation

VOL. XXXIX.—NO. 1012.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1884.

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# The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1884.

## The Week.

THE Cabinet-making for President Cleveland has begun, and is going on very actively. Most of the Democratic papers seem to agree cordially with the hope expressed by us that the Independents will get nothing, but, we suspect, in most cases for a different reason, viz.: that there are few enough offices already. Our doctrine is that party government means government by party, and that a party consists of men of like political opinions and like political antecedents, and not of men suddenly brought together for a brief period and on a special occasion. If there be any one thing more needed than another in American politics at this moment, it is the demonstration by actual experiment that there are two parties in the country, each capable of administering the Government, without help, in a safe, dignified, and orderly manner. If Mr. Cleveland wishes to make this demonstration, he will do it by and with Democrats, and we are perfectly satisfied that there is no Independent who seeks any reward for his share in electing him beyond the conduct of the Administration on business principles, the enforcement of the Civil-Service Law not in the letter only but in the spirit; and the remembrance, in all discretionary acts, that, as he himself has said, "public office is a public trust."

It must be said that newspaper discussion of the "claims" of various candidates for Cabinet positions, as soon as it becomes known that they are candidates, is just as inevitable as the claims themselves. There are really three different kinds of "claims" for Cabinet positions, which, in any discussion of the matter, ought to be carefully discriminated. First, there is the natural claim of the real party leaders, which is a tradition of the best days of American politics. A President, left entirely to himself, will naturally choose as his constitutional advisers the men of the highest standing in his own party. Any other course, on the narrowest view, converts them from friends into enemies, and on the broadest grounds it is for the public interest that the Government advisers should be the men who lead the party to which the Government has been confided. It was this principle which, down to the time of the war, led to the custom of inviting into the Cabinet the men who had been rival candidates before the nominating Convention. It was not because Seward had been beaten by Mr. Lincoln that he was asked to become his Secretary of State, but because Seward next to Lincoln was the most important man in the Republican party at the time. General Grant departed from this tradition, and made up his Cabinet not with a view to strengthening his party so much as with the idea that he was the head of a sort of despotism, in which places were to be given as the reward of personal allegiance, and often as a matter of caprice and favoritism. That the discussion in

the Democratic press should all point to the selection of Mr. Bayard for some Cabinet position, is a very healthy sign that we are returning to our best political traditions.

Besides natural claims of this character there are "locality" claims of a much more doubtful sort. Those really rest in great measure on a desire to get hold of patronage. Under the spoils system a Cabinet position, say for Pennsylvania, meant just so many clerkships and consulships to be divided among Pennsylvania politicians; and a Cabinet position was, in the distribution of patronage, of considerable importance, because the Cabinet officer was a sort of middle-man or broker between the Senators or "the delegation" and the President. It is evident that, with the spoils system at an end, these locality claims sink into insignificance. There is another sort of locality claim, however, which is of importance, and always must be under our electoral system—that which grows out of the necessity of strengthening a party in an important State on which Presidential elections turn. Such a State New York now is, and will continue for some time to be. The vote of New York is an enlightened vote, and the majority fluctuates from one side to the other. Under these circumstances the necessity of giving New York a place, and an important place, in the Cabinet has long been recognized. The considerations we have mentioned point to the selection of a Cabinet officer from New York who in the first place would understand New York public opinion, and not confound it with the opinion of Wall Street, on the one hand, or Tammany or any of the other Halls on the other. There are, fortunately, plenty of such enlightened Democrats to be found in this State. Finally, there are claims on the Presidency of a pecuniary nature, growing out of money contributed to his election, dinners given in his honor, railroad parades organized to "boom" him. In the event of Mr. Blaine's election, this last class would have been the only one that the publicist would have had to consider. But with Cleveland as President we can, fortunately, confine ourselves to the other two.

The social effects of the election of Cleveland will be important in Washington—all the more so since that city has become a sort of winter headquarters. We presume the social work of the Administration will be delegated as far as possible to experts, Governor Cleveland himself not being a man who has any interest in or taste for the consideration of those delicate matters of etiquette which in the White House have been for nearly a generation the stumbling-block of Presidents. Since the disappearance of the old Southern traditions, the Presidents who have succeeded best in these matters are those who have treated society as a thing apart, like the pig-iron or railroad business, or like music, and have left it as far as possible to those who had made it a specialty. This was the

reason, for example, that General Grant succeeded so well, and so much better than his successor, Mr. Hayes. The social trouble with the former was chiefly that he brought people to Washington, and made them conspicuous in society, whose standard of life was essentially different from that of most people who make up society. Many otherwise not fastidious people felt that they "must draw the line at thieves." This line really has to be drawn in a great capital for purposes of comfort. It might be supposed that the distinction between speculation in office and robbery of other kinds would suffice to enable ladies and gentlemen to meet habitual speculators on a friendly footing at dinners and parties; but the trouble is that feeling about speculation runs too high nowadays.

The following remarkable and damaging charge against the editor of the *Tribune* was published in the editorial columns of the *Times* of Sunday:

"The forgery of election returns, and the falsification of statements showing the results of elections, are offenses so grave that the laws of this State make them punishable in certain cases by imprisonment at hard labor for a term not exceeding five years. Whether this statute properly covers the case of a newspaper which forges and falsifies election returns, is a question which, we believe, has never been taken to the courts. We presume that no one would take the trouble to institute proceedings, either civil or criminal, against such a concern as the *New York Tribune*, whose editor, assisted by another person, has repeatedly and grossly forged and falsified election returns from various counties in the State of New York during the past two weeks."

No answer whatever to this is made by the *Tribune*, but we find in the *Times* of Monday a repetition of the charge, with an intimation that it may be brought to the consideration of the Grand Jury. Few newspapers would care to remain quiet for any length of time under a charge of that character, and we do not see how the *Tribune*, in view of its surprising course since the election, can afford to do it. There was certainly something very queer about its figures. They were unlike any which any other newspaper received, and were so saturated with what the *Tribune* was fond of calling the "fluctuating" character of the returns, that they would not even foot up right.

The *Herald*, in its turn, asks some questions which are reasonable and justifiable, and of public importance, and which we think the *Tribune* ought to answer:

First—Whether it is not true that the *Tribune* had, on the Thursday night after election, precisely the same election returns which the *Herald*, *Times*, *World*, and *Sun* had and published?

Second—Whether these returns, which gave the State to Cleveland, and which stand substantially unimpeached to-day, were or were not deliberately and skilfully altered in the *Tribune* office, so as to show a Blaine plurality of 1,366?

Third—Whether these altered returns were or were not spread over the country by the help of the Associated Press the same night, conveying to anxious Blaine men everywhere the false assurance that their candidate was elected, when, in fact, the true returns showed his defeat, as Mr. Jay Gould, not taken in by cooked returns, hastened to acknowledge on Friday morning?

Fourth—Whether certain persons in Mr. Blaine's interest did not telegraph from here, urging prominent Blaine journals in all parts of the country to stand by the *Tribune's* false returns and claim the election for Blaine?

Fifth—Whether Mr. Blaine, having been notified by his committee here that Cleveland had carried New York and Indiana, did not instruct the Committee to claim everything and assert Blaine's election?

Sixth—Whether it was not precisely by the preparation and circulation of such cooked returns, and the cry to "claim everything" sent out by Zachariah Chandler, that the fraud of 1876 was begun?

That the loss, confusion, and annoyance caused by the continued "claiming" of Blaine and his agents during the ten days following the election were very great, nobody will deny. But that, though an important consideration, is secondary to the consideration whether all this was not done in order to lay the foundation for subsequent proceedings of a fraudulent character, looking either to the election of Blaine in spite of the figures, by some sort of proceedings before the courts, or before Congress, or to the carrying out of some gambling transaction either on the Stock Exchange or in the betting rooms. In either case, we think the whole matter merits inquiry, either at the hands of the State Legislature or of Congress. One particular branch of it, the persistence of the *Tribune* in claiming Blaine's election on the strength of calculations of which no one outside its own office knew or could discover the source, might, we presume, be examined by the Grand Jury in this city, and we should think it not unlikely that the editor of the *Tribune* would welcome such an examination himself, for the sake of his own reputation. Section 435 of the Penal Code of this State makes "knowingly circulating any false statement, rumor, or intelligence," for the purpose of affecting the price of stocks or bonds or bullion, or any merchandise or commodity, punishable by "a fine of not more than \$5,000, or by imprisonment for not more than five years, or both." Of course all the *Tribune* would have to do in order to escape all penal consequences would be to show that it published and continued to publish its accounts of Blaine's victory in good faith, and on evidence sufficient to deceive a man of ordinary intelligence. We presume the inquisition, if set on foot, would also reach some of the officers of the Associated Press, whose course worked far more mischief than that of any newspaper, because, as purely professional news-gatherers, they are supposed to be free from partisanship, and because until this year they have never undertaken the work of footing up returns and announcing to the public who was elected.

Mr. Blaine's estimate of the Independent vote does not agree with that of the Chairman of the National Committee, Mr. Jones, who places it at 40,000. Mr. Jones says it is a mistake to try to elect a "great man President," because he has his "rivals, his writings, his past debates." In other words, Mr. Blaine had too much record. That was the cause of his defeat. The fact that he came so near success in this State is not an evidence of his strength with the people, but rather an evidence of the great ingenuity and ability with which his campaign was conducted. He laid all sorts of plans, and they were so well laid that they came very near succeeding. They showed, however, that the ablest and most unscrupulous politician that the country

has ever produced was not able to overcome the obstacle of his own bad record. Burchard helped, the Independents helped, the Stalwarts helped, and the Prohibitionists helped, but the real force which defeated Blaine was Blaine himself. He had created during his twenty years of public life a public distrust too deep to be overcome by even the most formidable combination of political wiles, money, and treachery ever organized in this country.

Now that it is all over, we should like to ask the respectable merchants of this city who gave their votes to Grant for Mayor in return for Tammany votes for Blaine, what they think of themselves. Many of them did this thing and made no disguise of it. Their excuse was that it was necessary to save the country from free trade, and that if free trade came, their business would be ruined. All through the dry-goods district this argument was used, and thousands of votes were given to Grant as a result of it. Admitting, though it is not true, that the election of Cleveland will bring free trade and consequent business injury to these merchants, what did their action really amount to? For private business reasons they did everything in their power to deliver the city over to a gang of thieves. To make a continuation of their own profits sure, they were willing that the whole city should have the burden of heavy taxation due to the plundering of its treasury for "political purposes." Was that patriotic conduct? They see now that Cleveland is elected, and that there is no danger of free trade. The United States Senate has a Republican majority so large that it is not likely to pass into Democratic control during Cleveland's Administration. If a free-trade bill were to pass the House, therefore, it could not get through the Senate. Suppose that the votes of these merchants had elected John Kelly's candidate, as well as Cleveland, how would they feel now?

Mr. Theodore Roosevelt is fast getting rid of the remarkable reputation—remarkable for so young a man—which he acquired by two years of hard and useful work in Albany. In fact, we have rarely known any one to get rid of so much in so short a time, for he only began to unload in July last. He amused both his friends and enemies here during the latter days of the canvass, by the liberality with which he showered certificates of good character and promise of "support" on candidates for all sorts of city offices, after he himself had failed to get a nomination. Within a few days he has been interviewed at St. Paul, on his way to his ranch, when he explained, with fulness and certainty, the causes of Blaine's defeat, warned Cleveland against "the blatant folly" of putting Conkling into his Cabinet, certified to the "honesty" of the givers of the Delmonico dinner, and went so far as to say that he was "inclined to give the New York Independents, or a majority of them, credit for conscientiousness," but refused to certify that they were "very valuable" to the Republican party. Those who defeated his friend and prototype, Mr. Cabot Lodge, in Massachusetts, he distinctly pronounces not "conscientious." This is all very sad as well as ludicrous, but is explicable enough. It was not unnatural for Mr. Roosevelt, on receiving so much praise as he did for his

industry, persistence, and moral pluck, to conclude that people prized him also for his wisdom, or, in other words, thought him a political philosopher. But this was a mistake. Nobody expected a gentleman twenty-six years old to be, after two years of public life, anything in the nature of a sage. What is disappointing people now is not that Mr. Roosevelt is not a great thinker or observer, but that he has not more faith in honesty, and does not know how to wait and keep silent.

The formal decision made on Tuesday by the Metropolitan Bank to retire from business has been inevitable for several months. Public confidence in the bank was so completely destroyed by the discovery of the methods which its President, George I. Seney, had employed, that even his retirement and the election of an irreproachable man to be his successor had no effect to restore it. Its shares dropped from \$150 to \$25, and business could not be induced to return to it. The depositors will be paid in full, but the stockholders will lose heavily for their confidence in Mr. Seney, it being estimated that they will not be able to realize more than \$25 a share. This disastrous outcome will be a solemn warning to all people to be shy of financial institutions which mingle loud professions of piety with their system of management. Mr. Seney was a "liberal giver" to all sorts of religious enterprises, and while he was designing and executing the most daring railway speculations with one hand, he was building churches and chapels and nourishing theological seminaries with the other. When his right hand discovered what his left hand was doing, there was a great crash, in which the Methodist religion and the stockholders of the Metropolitan Bank were both badly damaged.

The Catering Company has failed, as every one who ever ate its dinners knew it must, because its catering was badly done. The theory on which the company was conducted appeared to be, that, for the sake of getting rid of their cooks, families would submit to any fraud, no matter how gross, upon their palates. There was no doubt something in this idea, but it was pushed too far. Food was purchased of that nondescript variety which to some tastes suggests veal, to others chicken, and to others no particular species of animal, and then further disguised in a greasy fluid of a dark-brown color served at a lukewarm temperature. Fish was treated, as the artists say, in the same way. Pieces of that universal nameless fish which is found in the waters of all restaurants, but which is never seen alive or whole, were sent round caked in a rich coating of bread-crumbs, though in this case the object was not to disguise but to furnish a flavor. Soups were furnished also, but the soup was open to the same objections that ordinary cook-soup is, and what these are, we certainly need not mention. On the whole, the dinner, though one which no cook not specially trained for the work could possibly have produced, was, in some respects, worse than the sort of dinner that the cook in her savage state prepares without training or knowledge of any kind.



Another point which the Catering Company overlooked was, that a dinner needs to be served hot. The company pretended to have a service of fleet messengers, partly a hot-cart service, and, for houses near by, a running-boy service. How the hot-cart service worked we do not know, but we have been informed that the boy-service was imperfect, owing to the practice which prevailed among the boys of sitting down and "resting" while on their routes. In the winter a dinner put down in the snow while the messenger rests, is certain to come in less hot than it should be, and a dinner originally bad, which is first cooled off in the snow and then heated over again in the family kitchen, is hardly a dinner which many people want. The fact that few people wanted such dinners as the Catering Company furnished is no doubt the secret of its failure.

We trust that the Pope may soon find time to inquire into the results of Mgr. Capel's mission here, and especially into the "Hopkins-Capel controversy," which appears to be an inter-prelatic conflict of a very ferocious and also mysterious nature. It seems that on October 31, the Rev. J. H. Hopkins received from Mgr. Capel, to whom he refers by the very inappropriate title of "domestic prelate," a telegram as follows: "To Rev. J. H. Hopkins: Notwithstanding my letter, your article is being sold without correcting false statement. I must insist on a suspension of sale till corrected, or hold you responsible for damages. Mgr. Capel." In answer to this, Mr. Hopkins refused to suspend the sale of his article, and he now calls Mgr. Capel's attention to the fact that the latter is bound by his telegram to commence proceedings at law for damages. He adds, "Why don't you do it? I am ready. You do not flinch from your own proposal already, do you?" He predicts, at the same time, that if the action is brought "the great American public will have more than one hearty laugh." The *Herald*, with unconscious irony, declares that it cannot give up any more space to the dispute, because it "properly belongs to the religious press."

Stocks still continue to do better than was expected of them, notwithstanding the election of Cleveland. All the dividend-paying stocks seem to have improved since the talk of a contest has died out. The United States would be a strange country if the prospect of settled, decent government did not make both the moneyed and laboring classes feel more secure. The best of it is that we are sure that any improvement made now will "come to stay." There will be no fictitious inflation, based on the capture of the Presidency by a gang of stock-jobbers, and the prospect that they would set to work to stimulate a revival of trade by sheer "bull" magnetism.

John Bright has written a letter about free trade which may be made the basis for a stirring campaign document for Blaine in 1888. He says that since the adoption of free trade by England the price of food and hours of labor have diminished, while wages have been doubled, and that, although trade in England is mo-

mentarily depressed, the depression is far greater in protectionist countries like Russia, France, and America. He thinks, and we publish the fact boldly, that "the recent overthrow of the party of protection and monopoly in America may prove to be a great blessing, and when England and America have embraced the policy of free industry the whole fabric of monopoly throughout the world will totter to its downfall." Our advice to the *Tribune* is to publish this frightful prediction in black letters in all parts of its columns, and to announce at once by cable the rumored fitting out by the dreaded Cobden Club in England of an armed expedition for the closing of all the manufactories and iron furnaces in America. This would be much more stirring "news" than the attempt to show that the "old Rebel yell" is ringing through every State in the South, and that every negro there is in mortal terror of being put back into slavery.

Some rather trivial stories about Cardinal Newman's career as a tutor at Oxford sixty years ago have made their appearance in the lately published memoirs of Lord Malmesbury, representing him as having been a sort of butt to the undergraduates, and the victim of many practical jokes. The Cardinal has thought it worth while to correct some of them and contradict others, in a letter to the London *Daily News*. He mentions in it the striking and instructive fact that these unruly undergraduates were at that time compelled by the college rules to take the sacrament regularly, just as they are now compelled by American colleges to attend prayers every morning. One of the young men, knowing what he did know of his companions, was so shocked by this that he wrote a pamphlet to protest against it, and was answered on the other side by one of the tutors. Dr. Newman adds, "My own similar remonstrance in 1826-7 had the same unsuccessful issue." There is, however, really no more impropriety in compelling an irreverent young man to take the communion, no matter what he thinks or feels about it, than to attend daily public prayers. The former is undoubtedly more shocking in its external aspect, but both are acts of worship, and to anybody who remembers what religious people consider worship to be, there can be no difference worth mention between compulsory performance in one case and in the other. Compulsory communion has long been given up in England both for young and old, and people look back on it now with horror, as they will here, we have no doubt, before long, in American colleges, on compulsory prayer, by mocking or sleepy youths.

Dress reform has led to the introduction of a new garment, which a reformer writing to the *Pull Mall Gazette* says "has been worn in Paris and London." It is said to "closely follow the shape of the body," and to be "to a petticoat what a glove with fingers is to a baby's mitten." It is made of soft merino, "suitable for wearing next to the skin"; but then it is also made "as a second garment, and worn over the first one," and, as we understand it, a third garment, "either divided or not," goes over these two, making the costume perhaps better

adapted to high than low latitudes, for the writer adds, "these three garments are all that is necessary." As to the divided skirt, "which is the natural outcome of the combination," there is said to be no difficulty in so adapting it to the changing fashions of the day as to make it "identical in appearance with the ordinary skirt." This is not the true reform spirit, however. The real dress reformer wants something which not only is different, but looks different, from anything ever worn.

A telegram from St. Petersburg announces the occupation by Russian troops of Kungrad, an important town in northern Khiva, on the ground of repeated violations by the Khan of the treaty of 1873, and of his ordinary misrule. It is added that the Khan's proved incapacity as a ruler will render it necessary to pension him and place the Khanate under Russian administration. This is, in fact, a final winding up of his unfortunate relations with the Empire of the White Czar, which Seid Mohammed has repeatedly asked of the conquerors, since his defeat by General Kauffmann in 1873, which left him a powerless and helpless vassal, with all the responsibilities and anxieties of nominal independence. Regard for England, and the convenience of leaving the greater part of the trouble with the Tekkes to the Asiatic Prince, induced Russia to delay this consummation. Both considerations have lost their importance. All the divisions of the Tekke Turkomans are now, since the recent submission of the Merv oasis, under the direct sway of the Czar, and England, engaged and perplexed as she is by her difficulties in Africa, is certainly not in a mood to protest against Russian doings in Central Asia, which cannot be construed as, though they may help to pave the way for, a further advance toward India. The formal annexation of the Khanate of Khiva has long been deemed only a question of time, and whether the Russian Government proclaims it now or later is, in fact, perfectly indifferent, from an international point of view. Similar is the case with Bokhara, but this Khanate has the advantage of not being completely enveloped by Russian possessions, and of being of greater interest to both Russia and England by bordering on the northern dependencies of Afghanistan. Ere long—such is the inexorable geographical law which shapes the destinies of what was formerly Independent Turkestan—the last of the Khans will have "to go." No anti-Russian power can be durably propped up north of the Hindoo-Koosh.

The probabilities are that there is no foundation for the rumors of General Gordon's death. On the 25th of August he was safe and well and full of fight, but Wolseley evidently feels the need of haste. The Nile cataracts are said to be proving more of an obstacle to his advance than he anticipated, but all the stories about his expedition are colored by politics. The Tories like to imagine him surrounded by insurmountable difficulties, and accordingly lengthen and deepen the cataracts whenever it seems as if he was getting on too well. To have him and Gladstone do another clever thing would be hard to bear.

## SUMMARY OF THE WEEK'S NEWS.

(WEDNESDAY, November 12, to THURSDAY, NOV. 18, 1884.  
inclusive.)

## DOMESTIC.

THE election of Governor Cleveland to the Presidency has been finally admitted by all. The canvass of the vote of New York State confirmed the unofficial figures heretofore printed by the Independent and Democratic press of this city. The last county to complete its canvass was New York. The tedious work proceeded monotonously until Saturday afternoon, when it was practically completed, giving a plurality for the lowest Cleveland Elector, Mr. Ottendorfer, of 43,064. Mr. Ottendorfer ran behind the rest of his ticket at least 100 votes. Cleveland's plurality in the State, on Ottendorfer's vote, is 1,105. There are some few corrections in the city returns yet to be made, which will not materially affect the result. On Sunday the Blaine organs throughout the land conceded Mr. Cleveland's election.

Joseph D. Weeks, Treasurer of the National Republican Committee, telegraphed on Friday to A. M. Clapp, in Washington: "We are by no means hopeless. We have gained 351 over Associated Press figures in this city. We believe the honest vote of this State was given to Mr. Blaine. Will you assist us in showing this?"

The vote of Boston shows that Cleveland ran 7,670 ahead of his ticket in that city.

The vote of Maine complete, excepting ten small towns or plantations, gives Mr. Blaine a plurality of 20,060.

There was a jollification meeting in Tammany Hall on Friday night over the result of the recent election. Ex-Judge Tappan presided and introduced Samuel J. Randall, who spoke of the responsibilities which now rest upon the Democratic party. He was followed by S. S. Cox, who received a boisterous welcome. Then there were cries for John Kelly, whose rising was greeted with uproars of applause. He declared that Tammany had supported Cleveland faithfully, and made an angry attack upon William R. Grace.

A great Democratic celebration was held in Washington on Thursday night. Six thousand men were in the procession. Among the houses illuminated was Mr. Blaine's, on Dupont Circle, which is occupied by Mr. Z. L. Leiter, who is a strong Cleveland man. A torch-bearer was shot and seriously injured by a negro, who was arrested.

The Charleston (S. C.) *News* published on Monday the views of Governor Thompson and twenty-four Democratic County Chairmen in that State as to the effect of Cleveland's election on the political and industrial condition of the South. They say that the election of Cleveland means more money and less politics in South Carolina; that there will be a general revival of industries; that manufactures will be stimulated and developed by the application of additional capital; that the working people will be better paid; that the price of farmlands and of real estate generally will advance; that there will be for the whole people, without distinction of condition or class, an era of political and industrial progress.

It was reported from Rome on Thursday that United States Minister W. W. Astor had resigned his position as soon as he received news of the election of Governor Cleveland. The report was emphatically denied at the State Department in Washington.

A meeting of the Independent Republican Committee of One Hundred of Brooklyn was held on Thursday night in the assembly room of the Academy of Music, in that city. The chair was occupied by Henry W. Maxwell, who said the only question was whether the Committee should dissolve or continue the work. He thought it should remain as a balance of power between the two parties. The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher said he was in favor of the Committee continuing its work.

In local matters he was a Republican, he said, but on national questions he proposed to be a Democrat. The Independents had defeated Mr. Blaine and elected Cleveland. It now remained for them to support him if his Administration proved as good as was expected of him. Every man who had helped to elect Cleveland was bound to support him until he forfeited support. A committee of twenty-five was appointed to devise a plan for permanent organization.

The annual report of Second Assistant Postmaster-General Lyman shows that at the close of the last fiscal year more star service was in operation than indicated by an average for the five years next preceding, and performed at a diminished cost. For the year ending June 30 the transportation covered 81,109,052 miles, at a cost of \$5,089,941, an average of 6.28 cents per mile; for the five years preceding, the service covered 75,960,055 miles, at a cost of \$6,194,820, an average of 8.18 cents per mile.

The annual report of the Commissioner of Pensions for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1884, shows that there were at the close of the year 322,756 pensioners, classified as follows: 218,956 army invalids, 75,836 army widows, minor children, and dependent relatives, 2,616 navy invalids, 1,938 navy widows, minor children, and dependent relatives, 3,898 survivors of the war of 1812, and 19,512 widows of those who served in that war. There were added to the roll during the year the names of 34,192 pensioners, and the names of 1,221 whose pensions had been previously dropped were restored to the roll, making an aggregate of 35,413 pensions added during the year. The aggregate of pensions paid was \$34,456,600.

Commodore J. G. Walker, Chief of the Bureau of Navigation, Navy Department, in his annual report to the Secretary of the Navy, recommends an appropriation of \$130,000 to provide the best and safest apparatus for navigating, better appliances for lighting ships, and the necessary professional information, without which, he says, it cannot be expected that the officers and men of the navy will keep pace with the changes which are constantly taking place. An appropriation is earnestly urged for new buildings for the Naval Observatory because of the dilapidated condition and unhealthy and improper location of the present buildings.

A petition signed by a number of the most prominent physicians in New York was on Thursday presented to Secretary McCullough, suggesting to him the necessity for immediate action in regard to the importation of old rags through European ports, by which the introduction of Asiatic cholera was made possible. On Saturday the Secretary issued an order prohibiting the importation of old rags after November 20.

The one-hundredth anniversary of the consecration of Bishop Samuel Seabury, the first Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States of America, was commemorated by a service in Trinity Church, in this city, on Friday, attended by many of the clergy of the diocese. It was also celebrated at Hartford, Conn., and St. Paul's Cathedral, London.

The historic monument to commemorate the battle of Monmouth was unveiled at Freehold, N. J., on Thursday with imposing ceremonies.

The remains of John C. Calhoun were on Thursday placed in a granite sarcophagus erected on the site of his old tomb at Charleston, S. C., by the State.

Walter N. Thayer, President of the Workmen's State Association, has finally accepted the position of Chief Clerk of the Bureau of Labor Statistics of this State, in place of David Healy, resigned.

Attorney-General O'Brien, of this State, has given an opinion that "as the law makes it unlawful for any savings bank, directly or indirectly, to receive from any depositor a sum in excess of \$3,000, I am inclined to the opinion that when accumulated interest, by being added to the principal, would increase such

principal to a sum greater than \$3,000, such addition would be within the prohibition of the statute and unlawful."

The old grading system was abolished at a meeting of the Princeton College Trustees on Thursday, and a system has been adopted which divides the classes into six groups, the first and second of which shall be designated at graduation *magna cum laude* and *cum laude*. Moses Taylor Pyne, of this city, a member of the class of '77, was elected a trustee.

In the first intercollegiate championship football game at Cambridge, Mass., on Saturday, Princeton College defeated Harvard by a score of 36 points to 6.

The double-team record was beaten on Thursday afternoon at the New York Driving Club Park, Isidor Cohnfield's Maxey Cobb and Neta Medium being driven by John Murphy a mile in 2:15<sup>3</sup>/<sub>4</sub>. The best previous record was 2:16<sup>1</sup>/<sub>4</sub>.

A shock of earthquake was felt about 7:30 o'clock on Wednesday night in Hopkinton, Hillsborough, Bradford, Warner, and Concord, N. H. It was felt on Thursday morning in Essex County, Ontario.

An express train on the Houston and Texas Central railway was hurled into the Brazos River, near Hempstead, on Friday morning. Twelve persons were killed and twenty injured. The train was wrecked by tramps.

The Rev. Henry S. Williamson, Rector of St. Paul's Episcopal Church in Trenton, N. J., committed suicide on Thursday by shooting himself. He was a son of ex-Chancellor Williamson, of New Jersey, was graduated at Princeton College in 1879, and was highly esteemed in society and in the church.

William A. Duncan, who was reflected to Congress in the Nineteenth (Penn.) District on November 4, died at his residence in Gettysburg, on Friday, at the age of forty-eight. He was a Democrat.

George W. Jones, one of the most prominent of Southern Democrats, died in Fayetteville, Tenn., on Friday. Mr. Jones was a delegate to the "Peace Congress" in Washington in 1861. His eighteen years in Congress earned for him the title of "The Watchdog of the Treasury." He served in the Confederate Congress one term, declining a reelection. He was also a member of the State Constitutional Convention of 1870. Mr. Jones was a warm personal friend of Samuel J. Tilden.

Eli K. Price, the well-known lawyer, died at his home in Philadelphia on Saturday morning in his eighty-eighth year. He was the author of a memoir of his parents, of a legal work, 'Limitations of Actions in Pennsylvania,' and of 'The Family as an Element of Government.'

## FOREIGN.

The Franchise Bill passed its first reading in the House of Lords on Thursday.

The Conservative leaders of the House of Lords met at the Marquis of Salisbury's residence at noon on Monday. The Duke of Argyll was at the same time in conference with Mr. Gladstone and Earl Spencer in Downing Street.

Mr. Gladstone, in the House of Commons on Monday evening, said: "The Government desire to pass the Franchise Bill without delay. They cannot enter into any understanding with the Opposition unless they receive an adequate assurance that the bill will be passed this autumn. In that case the Government are ready to make the main provisions or draft of their Redistribution Bill the subject of friendly communication, or they stand ready to introduce the bill into the House of Commons forthwith, and prosecute it with all possible speed. They will make it a vital question with the Government to see that the bill be carried early next year." On Tuesday the Conservatives of both Houses held a meeting and agreed to pass the Franchise Bill, provided the Government would immediately produce a Redistribution Bill satisfactory to both parties. Later in the



day the House of Lords passed the bill through its second reading without division. An effort will be made to postpone the committee stage of the bill for a fortnight.

The London *Daily News* asserts that there will be no dissolution of Parliament this year.

In the House of Commons on Thursday evening the Marquis of Hartington, the Secretary of State for War, read a telegram from General Gordon, dated August 26, as follows: "Khartum—Provisions five months—Shall send Stewart, French, English, Consuls relieve Dongola after destroying Berber." The Marquis of Hartington then moved the question upon the appropriations of \$3,375,000 for army and \$250,000 for naval expenses incurred in sending a force to Bechuana, and said that the Government did not intend to diminish the available forces for the protection of Natal and Zululand. The bill appropriating \$5,000,000 for the expenses of the Nile expedition was passed by a vote of 73 yeas to 17 nays.

Prime Minister Ferry communicated despatches to the French Cabinet on Thursday morning from which it appeared that General Gordon had been shot dead while passing from Khartum to Berber. The British Government knew nothing of the report, and believed it to be a revival of old and exploded rumors. On the same day a Government clerk from Khartum arrived at Alexandria. He said that General Gordon had made frequent attacks upon the Mahdi's forces, and created fearful havoc among them. The Mahdi, he said, had ordered his troops not to kill General Gordon if they had the opportunity, but to take him prisoner that he might be used as a hostage to secure the surrender of Arabi Pasha.

A despatch from Cairo to Reuter's Telegram Company on Saturday said that a letter from General Gordon had been received by Gen. Lord Wolseley, which was dated Khartum, November 4. This letter states that the steamer which bore Colonels Stewart and Power and M. Herbin, the French Consul, and some Greeks left Khartum September 10. Messrs. Hansel and Leonides are safe at Khartum. General Gordon had received letters through Major Kitchener from his sister, from Sir Samuel Baker, and from Mr. Henry M. Stanley. Doubt is expressed in London as to the possibility of the letter having been dated November 4. It is thought that it must have left Khartum on October 4.

General Gordon's latest letter also says his position at Khartum is very secure and that his troops are in excellent spirits. He adds that the Mahdi regularly receives European newspapers, from which he learns the movements of the British troops in Egypt. Orders were received at Cairo on Monday to forward reinforcements up the Nile with great despatch. It is thought that the situation at Dongola is becoming serious.

A despatch from Dongola on Wednesday said that Major Wortley and four attendants had ridden across the desert by way of Selimah. They reported that it is impossible for a hostile force to use this route to cut the English off from their base. Any force which should attempt to pass from Kordofan to upper Egypt would be obliged to strike the Nile at Dongola. Dongola is thus the strategical gate to Egypt, and whoever controls this possesses the key to the situation. It is reported that the loyalty of the Mudir of Dongola is questionable.

Reports from up the Nile show that the Canadian boatmen are experiencing more difficulty in getting the boats up the cataracts than they had anticipated. The muddiness of the water prevents them from seeing the rocks.

A despatch from the Mudir of Dongola on Thursday said that a man who had just reached there from Khartum reported that the Mahdi had established himself at Umderman, on the western bank of the White Nile, a few miles from Khartum, the Egyptian soldiers stationed there being compelled to retreat to Khartum. The Mudir asked for more ammunition.

Mr. George J. Shaw-Lefevre, at present Commissioner of Works and Buildings, has been appointed to succeed the late Mr. Henry Fawcett as Postmaster-General. Mr. Shaw-Lefevre was Postmaster-General *ad interim* in 1882. The appointment of Mr. Thomas Shaw, announced last week, was only temporary.

Lord Dufferin sailed on Wednesday for India to assume his official duties as Viceroy.

The death of Sir George St. Patrick Lawrence is announced. He was a British Lieutenant-General (retired), who had greatly distinguished himself in India, and was 79 years of age.

Australian advices state that the British Commodore of the Australian station, in accordance with instructions, had proceeded to New Guinea, and on November 6 had, with great ceremony, proclaimed a British protectorate over a part of that island. The protectorate covers the southern coast eastward of the one hundred and forty-first meridian of east longitude, and includes the islands adjacent to Southern New Guinea. Settlement in the protectorate will not be permitted at present.

Louisa Devey writes to the *London Standard* that, in consequence of the legal injunction preventing the publication of Lord Lytton's letters to his wife, she will be compelled to rely on other and not less forcible evidence to vindicate Lady Lytton.

Mr. Matthew Arnold is about to resign his position as Inspector of Schools, for the purpose of making an extended tour in America.

At the opening of the Congo Conference in Berlin on Saturday, Prince Bismarck delivered a short speech to the delegates, which was pacific in tone and moderate in character, evidently giving general satisfaction. He alluded in general terms to the "high, beneficent, and pacific aims which the Conference had before it. It had for its object the solution of three main questions: First, free navigation, with freedom of trade, on the Congo River; secondly, free navigation of the Niger River; thirdly, formalities of valid annexation of territory to be observed in future on the continent of Africa. This constituted the positive aim of the Conference. Negatively, the Conference would not concern itself with the present questions of sovereignty." The Chancellor, in conclusion, said he hoped that the labors of the Conference would result in a further increase of peace and good will among nations. Sir Edward Malet, the British commissioner, in replying to the opening speech, echoed the sentiments expressed by Prince Bismarck and accepted the three points proposed as the basis for discussion, with the following reservation: "England," he said, "was quite willing to see the principles of free navigation and the like extended to the Niger, but nevertheless she expected that the surveillance over the exercise of these principles should not be made the business of an international body. That was the duty and privilege of England, as she was the chief, if not the sole, proprietary power on the lower Niger." Prince Bismarck was elected President. It was agreed that the proceedings should be kept secret. The Conference will probably last several weeks.

Portugal has drawn up a memorandum to be submitted to the Conference, insisting on her right to the Congo, and urging that Portuguese treasure and blood had been freely spent to maintain order on the Congo for the benefit of the commerce of all nations.

Despatches received at Shanghai on Saturday reported the capture of Tamsui by the French. The Shanghai correspondent of the *London Times* telegraphed that he had learned from a European source, dated Haiphong, October 30, that the Anamite auxiliaries of the French army had beheaded 500 Chinese prisoners at Kep.

The most recent Chinese advices state that the reported capture of Tamsui by the French is untrue. Admiral Courbet is awaiting the arrival of reinforcements.

The Foo-Choo correspondent of the *Times* telegraphed on Wednesday that the situation there is unchanged. The stoppage of business by the hostilities is causing widespread distress among the lower classes of the Chinese. The tea season is finished, and consequently the loss to Europeans is less than to the natives. The Chinese Government is demanding more money, being unable to meet its expenses, but the natives are unwilling to contribute to its support. Chinese soldiers are arriving in large numbers. There are frequent disputes between the soldiers and the people.

The situation of the French in Tonquin is daily becoming more perilous. The outposts are subject to constant attacks, and great difficulty is experienced in procuring provisions in the territory between Hanoi and Sontai, and daily skirmishes take place. The health of the troops at Eacinh is bad, and numbers of the men are unfit for service.

It was reported on Wednesday that the Court at Peking had ordered the despatch of Chinese troops to Tonquin to be suspended.

The official report of the French harvest returns for the year shows the following yield: Wheat, 111,141,845 hectolitres, against 113,753,426 hectolitres in 1883; rye, 25,487,587 hectolitres, against 24,842,602 hectolitres in 1883.

The cholera alarm in Paris was much increased on Wednesday. From midnight to noon there were twenty-eight deaths. Two soldiers of the guard at the Elysée Palace were seized with the disease, and one died almost instantly. These cases created a deep sensation. There were eighty-one deaths on Wednesday. The flight of people from Paris on Thursday was great, though there was no panic. Earnest efforts are making to put the city in a good sanitary condition. Deaths have occurred at the outlying villages of Aubervilliers, Clichy, Boulogne, and Pantin.

The epidemic shows little, if any, effect upon the pleasure-seeking proclivities of the people. The theatres and other places of amusement are well filled every night. It is known that the deadly disease has made large ravages among the soldiers of the garrison, but the military officials publish no returns, and refuse all information. The West End is still healthy, but is comparatively deserted. Most of the residents of that quarter have preferred to place themselves at a safe distance from possible infection.

There were 44 deaths from cholera in Paris on Sunday. That night there was a heavy frost, and on Monday the death-rate decreased to 36, and 20 up to Tuesday noon.

MM. Vivienot and Cherpin, French Senators, died on Saturday.

Dr. Stoecker, the court preacher at Berlin, and the well-known anti-Semitic agitator, has been returned to the Reichstag.

The death of Alfred Edmund Brehm, the celebrated German traveller and naturalist, is announced. He was born at Reuthendorf, in Saxe-Weimar, February 21, 1829. Mr. Brehm was the author of numerous works on natural history, the most important of which was his "Illustrirtes Thierleben," in six volumes, which has passed through several editions and been translated into various languages.

The immigration returns for October show 11,718 arrivals in Canada, of whom 7,618 were settlers and 4,100 passengers going through Canada to the United States. The total arrivals since January 1 were 138,386, of whom 80,510 were settlers and 57,876 passengers through to the United States.

Peace has been restored in Cundinamarca and Santander, United States of Colombia, owing to the active intervention of the Federal Government. This interference disgusts many of the upholders of "state rights." The town of Guaduas, captured by the rebels, who subsequently laid down their arms, was the scene of many atrocities. A picket of twenty-five men who had defended the school-house for five hours, were slaughtered after surrendering.

## THE INDEPENDENT ORGANIZATION.

WE are glad to see that both in this and other States steps are being taken to maintain the organizations through which the Independent vote was brought out at the late election. The importance of this vote was made more than ever manifest by the closeness of the struggle between the two great parties in nearly all the Northern States at the late election. But this closeness is not a new thing. It was displayed almost as strikingly in 1876 and in 1880 as this year. We do not propose to discuss here its causes, but the fact is that the two great parties are nearly equal in strength, and show a very striking tendency to remain so. This of itself gives the Independents an importance in the political field out of all proportion to their numbers. It shows, in other words, that a small minority of the voters even in two or three States may have it in their power, if well organized, to determine every four years which of the two great parties shall administer the Government; and if this power be exercised with judgment and moderation, it will undoubtedly increase from year to year by accessions from the thoughtful men of both sides.

The experiment of starting third tickets shortly before the election, as a means of correcting the manners and excesses of the party in power, has not been successful enough to warrant the belief that it will be persisted in to any great extent hereafter. Moreover, the result of the late election shows, we think, that "conscience voting" and abstention, if practised on a large scale, constitute positive public danger. As we ventured to point out in these columns once or twice during the canvass, the ballot is a trust, to be used, not in enabling people to free their minds on any subject, or in expressing their reverence for some estimable person of their acquaintance, but in providing the country with a government. It is, therefore, every man's duty to make his vote tell in this direction to the utmost of his ability, by voting for a candidate who has some chance of being elected, so as to make the majority of such candidate, if he gets a majority, as large as possible, and thus put the result beyond doubt. People who satisfy some whimsy by not voting, or vote for some fancy candidate who is not in the running, help to bring about the close contests between the two real candidates, of which we have just been witnessing an example, and which ought to fill every man and woman in the country with alarm. Any one in this State who voted for Butler, or stayed at home on election day because neither Blaine nor Cleveland was his ideal ruler of a great nation, ought to have felt almost guilty of treason, when he heard that the award of the Presidency was dependent on a few hundred votes either way, which hundreds of politicians would have been glad to buy at any price, and which constituted a temptation such as even good men might well find it difficult to resist. In fact, we think it is no exaggeration to say that there is something awful in the announcement that the Presidency of the United States can be had by figuring five hundred or a thousand votes out of existence; and any one who, by

throwing away his vote or not voting, has helped to bring about such a situation, may well consider himself a bad and faithless citizen. In fact, if the late election has taught us anything, it is that, under our system of government as it is now worked, the first duty of every man on election day is to do his utmost to make the result he desires decisive. He has no more business to stay at home because he does not like the candidates, than to skulk in action, if a soldier, because he does not admire his commander or disapproves of his strategy.

The more avowed Independents we have, therefore, the safer we shall be. They will constitute in peace a most useful corps of observers and critics, and, when the day of battle comes, a reinforcement for the better cause, which will decide the fortunes of the day beyond question or cavil. Let us add, too, that the history of the Republican party shows very emphatically the need of making the transfer of power from one party to another easier than it has been. There is a great deal of sound philosophy in the demand for a "change," simply as change. No country can get the full benefit of party government if a change of administration is looked on as little short of a revolution, and something therefore only to be resorted to in the last extremity. No party should be allowed to stay in power long enough to begin to look on itself as the Government, and to treat criticism of it as disloyalty to the country. As soon as signs of this state of mind begin to appear, the party ought to be expelled, for they are sure to be signs of corruption as well, and the expulsion ought to be as simple and easy a process as the assembling of a new Congress. With a reformed civil service, possessing a stable tenure for the subordinate offices, and a powerful body of Independents, ready to give the strength to whichever side promised most for the cause of good government, it would be a perfectly easy process, and the unreasoning party fealty on which the vultures of politics batten, would rapidly diminish. People who vote a party ticket because their fathers voted it or because they have voted it for a quarter of a century, are as much out of place in a free state as trial by battle or strict entails. Hereditary voters are just as absurd an anomaly as hereditary legislators. Government is business, and a very serious business too, and it requires each year to be transacted on the facts of that year, like every other business. In it, as in commerce, no man or party is to be trusted in 1884 on account of what his credit was in 1864, but on account of what it is to-day. Nor does it do to treat an old tramp who has cheated all his friends, and taken to drink, with the respect and confidence which were bestowed on him in his youth, when clean, sober, industrious, energetic, and full of promise.

## "TEARS—IDLE TEARS."

WE are glad to learn from the *Tribune* that it considers that there were on the Republican side in the late campaign "too many bands and banners, too much coal-oil and excitement, in proportion to the amount of quiet work for the education of the people by the

circulation of capable journals, by the distribution of documents, and by missionary effort in school districts." We are also much pleased by the admission that

"When the Republican party came into being nearly thirty years ago, it gained all its success by patient and earnest appeal to the public intelligence. The peculiar feature of its work was the extraordinary number of school-district meetings, in which the question at issue was thoroughly and repeatedly explained to the voters."

This suggestion also, as to the way in which the party should be managed hereafter, has marks of wisdom about it—tardy wisdom, to be sure, but still wisdom:

"If the Republican party is to make sure its success at any future time, it needs a change in its methods, and particularly a change in the organization by which campaign work is conducted. It ought to establish, not four years hence, nor two years hence, but now, permanent clubs devoted to the discussion of public questions, and particularly of the tariff question, to the circulation of documents and papers and the education of the people, to the establishment of regular and frequent meetings where public questions may be discussed, not merely by orators brought from elsewhere, but by the people themselves."

As you are now apparently in a reasonable, if not a penitent mood, *Esteemed Contemporary*, we shall take the liberty of reminding you that for the state of things you deplore, you more than any other one person in the community are to blame. As early as the 7th of April last, when you first began to be active in your boom for Blaine, we remarked to you, with great sweetness, that "it was the duty of all those who do not wish to see the Republican party burdened during the canvass next summer with the hopeless task of white-washing him, to set forth briefly, now that his boom is becoming so lively, the charges which he will have to answer before he can be elected to the Presidency. It would be lamentable indeed, and certainly disastrous, if the task prescribed for Republican journalists by the Convention should be not the discussion of great questions of public policy, like the tariff, or the civil service, or the railroads, or the currency, but laborious examinations of Mr. James G. Blaine's railroad transactions."

If you had taken a look at that time into the files of the *Chicago Tribune* and Cincinnati *Commercial and Cincinnati Gazette*, and indeed nearly all the leading Republican newspapers of 1876 and 1880, during the two former Blaine booms, you would have found precisely the same predictions as to the effect of Blaine's nomination on the canvass. They said with one voice that if he were nominated the summer would be passed not in "the discussion of public questions," but in the discussion of James Gillespie Blaine's rather unsavory private affairs. But you were then proud and haughty, and would not listen to reason. You were sure, no matter what any one said, that when the time came you could get the American people to dismiss your candidate's private affairs wholly from its mind, to treat the character of a candidate for the Presidency as of no consequence, and to pass the summer listening to your lectures on the tariff, and the Cobden Club, and chastity.

Well, you know now perfectly well why your unfortunate managers did not do any "quiet work for the education of the people,"



and why there was little or no "missionary effort in school-district meetings," and why so much money was spent on brass bands, costly banners, and uniformed companies, and so little in "the circulation of documents and papers and the education of the people." The reason was that you failed at the very outset to give the canvass the direction you desired, and that the one subject which the people wished to hear discussed was, from the first, one you dared not discuss. You could not send your orators to the school-district meetings because you knew that what the audiences wanted to hear was an "honorable construction" of the Mulligan letters, and could not be put off, therefore, with accounts of the machinations of the Cobden Club, and with your views about the relative importance of the virtues. They wanted an answer from Blaine to the charges of lying and cheating, and neither you nor he had an answer to give. You were, in other words—both of you—dumb on the main question of the day.

The brass bands, the costly banners, and the uniformed companies were, therefore, not your mistake, but your necessity. You did not spend your money on them because you thought them effective, but because they were the best things within your reach. Your lucubrations on chastity also were, for campaign purposes, about as valuable as the sound of a large trombone. They made no impression on any human mind, but they concealed your embarrassment. The ministers whom you summoned to your aid did not help you, they only covered themselves with shame and ridicule; for what is more shameful and ridiculous than a teacher of morals apologizing for an impenitent liar and deceiver of twenty years' standing, and recommending a great people to give him their greatest trust?

Yes, Esteemed One, it was a wretched and disgraceful canvass, and you, more than any one, helped to make it so. We see you are beginning to be ashamed of it. We hope all your unfortunate coadjutors all over the country, who have, during the past summer, been bringing so much discredit on themselves and on their calling, share your penitence, and are determined, as you seem to be, that nothing of the kind shall ever happen again. Whenever madness overtakes political managers, whenever they forget, in their eagerness for spoils, the great interests of public morality, it is not the business of journalists to become a pack of beagles in their service, and hunt down the game for them. As conventions are now composed and managed, the best defence against disgraceful nominations is to be found in the certainty that great newspapers will not support them, will not lie for them, or pervert, or suppress, or evade for them, or do anything whatever to postpone the destruction which, as long as voters have consciences, is sure in the long run to overtake them.

#### THE PROSPECTS OF CIVIL-SERVICE REFORM.

MR. DORMAN B. EATON has been interviewed at considerable length as to the prospects of civil-service reform under the new Democratic Administration, and on the whole takes a very

favorable view of it. But he does not believe that the new rules will be enforced "with such enlarging breadth of application, and such moral support from the party in power, as would have been the case had President Arthur been reflected, and probably had Mr. Blaine succeeded." Mr. Eaton's fears are, in the first place, based on a misuse of the term "party in power." This term is constantly used in this country in the English sense, as meaning the party which controls the legislature and initiates all legislation, when what is really meant is simply the party which has possession of the Administration. As a matter of fact, there will be no "party in power" at Washington in the former sense when Mr. Cleveland enters the White House. The Democrats will have possession of the chief executive office and of the House, but the Senate will be Republican. Neither party, therefore, can carry out any policy needing legislation without the aid of the other. The Democrats have by the election gained nothing whatever in the way of law-making. What they have gained is the power of administering the laws, and when estimating the prospects of civil-service reform, what we have to consider is rather the character of the chief officer than the character of the party which stands or is supposed to stand behind him.

As regards the attitude of the two parties respectively toward this reform, we think it may be best described by saying that its best friends have been the Democratic leaders and the Republican rank and file, its worst foes the Republican leaders and the Democratic rank and file. The trouble with the Republican party for the last fourteen years has been that, although it was overflowing with virtue and intelligence, it never could bring them to bear on the administration of the Government. Both meandered copiously through the press and the platform, but the men of action at Washington made merry over them. In nothing was this barrenness of Republican goodness more strikingly displayed than in the dealings of the chief men with civil-service reform. President Grant, as soon as he became a politician, treated it with open contempt. Blaine, when Speaker, took pains, in the formation of the Committees which were to deal with it, to break it down and make it ridiculous. The leading Republicans of both houses, in fact, down to 1882, spoke of it and its advocates with scorn or pity. President Hayes, after going into office as its champion *par excellence*, committed or permitted the most shameful violations of it. President Arthur gave it no real countenance till the whirlwind which overwhelmed his candidate in this State in 1882, enabled a Democratic Senator to push through the present legislation on the subject. Almost as soon as it was passed he began to exhibit the most flagrant disregard of its principles with regard to offices not actually covered by its provisions. Of what happened during President Garfield's and Blaine's short reign we do not need to speak. There never was less civil-service reform at the White House than during this brief period. Blaine's use of his newly-acquired patronage, in particular, furnished examples of nearly every-

thing but reform. Indeed, one of the most striking facts of our recent history is the gradual and almost complete failure of the morality and moral energy of the Republican party to act on the Administration—the natural result, let us add, of a long tenure of office not dependent on good behavior.

Now let us see what the contribution of the Democratic leaders to the work of reform has been. In considering it we have to bear in mind that they have been suffering for twenty years from an abuse which in any country and under any system of appointment would rouse bitter discontent—we mean the filling of vacancies in the public service, even the judgeships, from one party exclusively. This has been an outrageous abuse, which the Democrats have borne with a good temper that no party anywhere has ever before displayed. The present Civil-Service Act, which virtually keeps in office all competent Republican incumbents, was introduced and pushed through by a Democratic Senator at the cost of his popularity in his own State, and had, we believe, the support of all his leading colleagues, and was voted for by a majority of Democrats in both houses. The Civil-Service Act of this State, which on some points is more stringent than the Federal Act, was passed by a Democratic Legislature, and was at once put in force, and has been administered with good faith and efficiency by a Democratic Governor.

The option, given by the Act of 1883, of adopting civil-service principles in cities, was used by the Mayors of three Democratic cities, New York, Brooklyn, and Buffalo, but not by the Mayor of a single Republican city. True, Mayor Low was a Republican, but he was elected by Democratic votes.

Finally, the Democratic party in New York took the management of the State prisons out of politics. A Democratic Governor, Tilden, appointed a trained prison superintendent to manage them. A Republican Governor, Cornell, displaced him and appointed a trained politician to run them.

In view of these facts, we do not well see why Mr. Eaton should feel less hopeful about the cause, under present circumstances, than he would have felt if Mr. Arthur had been reflected or Mr. Blaine elected. In truth we can, in view of Blaine's career, hardly conceive of a more impressive declaration of indifference to the reform on the part of the people than Blaine's election would have been, and we know of no public man who would more joyfully have taken advantage of it than he. As Mr. Eaton observes, nearly every leading Democrat, "Bayard, Pendleton, Lamar, Garland, Carlisle, Randall, Cox, Morrison, Tucker, Hewitt, Willis, and others, have spoken and voted for the Civil-Service Act, and will stand by the new President in its support." Can anybody mention eleven men of similar standing in the Republican party of whom the same may be said?

#### VITROLLES AND THE BOURBON RESTORATION.\*

PARIS, November 5, 1884.

THE third volume of the memoirs of the Baron de Vitrolles is not inferior in interest to the first

\* See the Nation, Nos. 973, 975.

two volumes. It opens at Vincennes. The old castle brought to mind the young Duc d'Enghien. Vitrolles had known of him, had seen him in all the bloom of youth; it was there that the last representative of a great race had been taken by the gendarmes of Savary and shot in the night, after a mock trial. The Governor of Vincennes was General Daumesnil, *à la jambe de bois*. He received Vitrolles politely, and took him in person to his cell in the donjon. The fate of the Duc d'Enghien was before Vitrolles. He was left alone, without any news. After a few days the papers were sent to him; he learned that he was excepted from the general amnesty given by Napoleon, and waited quietly for events: he was preparing for death, and looked through the bars of his prison on the sky and on the country, as if every day would be his last. After twenty days' detention a personage unknown to him came to Vincennes and took him to Paris, to the military prison of the Abbaye; there he was lodged in a cell, with a policeman who did not leave him by day or night. He received there the visit of his daughter Amélie, and learned that his wife had gone to Ghent, and that negotiations were going on for his exchange for Princess Eliza, the sister of Napoleon. Mme. de Vitrolles was now in Paris, moving heaven and earth for her husband. Queen Hortense tried to say a word to Napoleon in favor of Vitrolles. "What does he want—to be shot?" was all his answer.

After a while Vitrolles had more comfortable quarters, and, in order to calm his anxiety, he could find no better means than to learn Russian—not an easy task, as the Russian grammar gives 120 declensions, and conjugations without number. "Six weeks afterward," he says, "I dined at the table of the Emperor Alexander, next to Count Nesselrode. I told him of this recreation of my captivity, and, in order to show him an *échantillon* of my knowledge, I began to recite to him the famous letter of King Philip to Aristotle, in a language of which I had never heard a word. It was laughable and he laughed heartily. I pronounced, he said, like a baby of two or three years."

One morning, Madame de Vitrolles entered the prison and gave her husband the first confused news of Waterloo. Bonaparte was back in Paris. He had gone to the Élysée, had taken a bath, and called for the ministers—among them, Fouché, the Minister of Police. Bonaparte consented to abdicate; the Chambers accepted his abdication, without mentioning the condition which he had made, the accession of Napoleon II. They named a provisory government, composed of the Duc de Vico, Carnot, General Grenier, and Quinette, and presided over by Fouché. The Duke of Otranto became in reality the master of the situation; he sent for Madame de Vitrolles and told her: "I must absolutely see your husband. I will await him to-morrow morning at seven o'clock." Vitrolles emerged again from darkness to light; he was *l'homme de Roi*, and he had to negotiate with *l'homme de la Révolution*. He had hardly left his prison when Marshal Gouvion-St.-Cyr came to assure him of his devotion to the King, as did also General Dessoies. He made all his preparations to go to Ghent, and the next morning, at seven, he was with Fouché. "Go and visit the King," said the arch-intriguer; "tell him that we are working in his service, and though we shall not walk very straight, we shall reach him in the end. At present we must go through Napoleon II., and probably afterwards through the Duc d'Orléans; but finally we shall get to him." "I could not," says Vitrolles, "believe my own ears: 'What,' said I, impetuously, 'this is where you are? You do not think this unhappy crown of France has been dragged enough in the mud, and you want to place it on other heads?—and what

heads!'" The conversation continued in this familiar and almost cynical vein. Vitrolles, instead of going to Ghent, offered to remain in Paris. "Ah," said Fouché, "that is an idea. The poor little royalists of Paris will be enchanted. You will be for them like the white flag floating in the Place Vendôme. At any rate, your head will be on the same hook as mine, and I must tell you that mine is well threatened. All the fanatics of the army, the Flahauts, the Exelmans, have sworn to do me an ill turn." He offered him fifty passports, as many as he liked, to use them as he pleased, and told him he would see him two or three times a day.

Fouché understood perfectly that Napoleon had become impossible. All he wanted was to make conditions, this time with the Bourbons—to make his weight felt; and Vitrolles was an excellent instrument in his hands. So Vitrolles remained in Paris, and his first object was to have the King proclaimed before the entrance of the Allies. It was not an easy task. The Chamber elected during the Hundred Days had very democratic tendencies; the House of Peers was timid. Fouché alone understood the necessities of the occasion, but the other members of the Provisional Government did not agree with him. Fortunately, the Allied Sovereigns were determined to accept no other candidate to the throne of France than Louis XVIII.: Wellington had been very explicit on this point after Waterloo. But there was a great disposition to leave a part to the Conventional and regicide Fouché in this second restoration of the legitimate King. It was thought to be the only way of reconciling the Bourbons with their subjects, and the Monarchy with the Revolution. So Fouché was obliged to help the King, and the King to help Fouché. Vitrolles relates with the most minute details the negotiations which finally brought about this extraordinary union.

Meanwhile the Allied troops had occupied Paris, and the National Guard, commanded by Marshal Masséna, was on duty with the foreigners, and kept the tricolor cockade. The Chamber was closed by a few National Guards, by order of Fouché; and Louis XVIII. arrived from Belgium with the slowness which belonged to his character, and which he thought to be a part of his dignity. On his way he composed a Cabinet, placing Talleyrand in the Foreign Office, and giving the other places to M. Pasquier, M. Louis, the Duc de Feltre, Marshal Macdonald, and M. Beugnot. Several ministries were kept purposefully vacant; the great favorite of the King, M. de Blacas, was obliged to leave him at Tournai, and was sent as Ambassador to Rome. Beugnot went to make a visit to the favorite, when this decision became known. "I do not pity you, sir," he said to him, "but I pity the King. How isolated he will be when you are away from him." "Ah, my poor Beugnot," said Blacas, "you don't know what is the friendship of a King; I am sure that in a month he will be consoled." Here M. Beugnot laughed when he told the story. "He was mistaken," he added; "he was mistaken by twenty-seven days. After three days, not a thought was left for the man who had so long enjoyed his favor."

Vitrolles saw the King for the first time on his return at the Château d'Arnonville. He was received with open arms by the Comte d'Artois and the Duc de Berry, and when he arrived before the King, he says: "I seized his hand, which I wished to kiss; he would not let me, and kissed me himself on both my cheeks. Tears, true tears, were in his eyes. He ended by saying: 'Happy are those who have suffered, for the Kingdom of Heaven is reserved for them.'" This promised nothing for the kingdom of earth. On leaving the King's Cabinet, Vitrolles met the Duke of Wellington, who accosted him at once in his la-

conic way: "Well, it seems to me that all our questions are reduced to two: Fouché and the tricolor cockade." After a little conversation, the tricolor cockade was given up and Fouché was kept. The purest Legitimists swore by him at the time; he was regarded as a saviour. The King did not share in the general enthusiasm, but nevertheless accepted the necessity of Fouché. He sent the day afterwards for Vitrolles, and, "Do you know," he said, "that Prince Talleyrand and the Duke of Wellington have just left for Neuilly, where they will have a conference with the Duke of Otranto?" "Yes, Sire, Talleyrand has just told me." "Do you know what instructions I have given them?" "No, Sire." "Well, I told them: Go to Neuilly. You will see the Duke of Otranto. Do all you think good for my service, only spare me, and remember that this is my virginity." Fouché had said to Vitrolles that he hoped to be allowed to remain in France without being molested. Vitrolles thought that it was unwise and improper to give a place in the Cabinet to a regicide, but Talleyrand insisted, and on the 9th of July the King signed the nomination of a Cabinet in which Talleyrand kept the Foreign Affairs and Fouché was made Minister of Police.

The minister of the general police in these times had under him a prefect of police, and this place was given to a then obscure lawyer, M. Decazes, of Libourne. The young and handsome Gascon soon ingratiated himself with the King, whom he saw every day; he was not long in finding out that the King had only accepted Talleyrand and Fouché as a necessity of the times, and he began to undermine their influence. When Talleyrand became aware of a secret hostility between Fouché and Decazes, he thought that the time had come to throw Fouché overboard. As for himself, he thought that his tenure of office could not be threatened; he had really been the heart and soul of all the political movements during the Hundred Days. The American mission was offered to Fouché as a compensation; he refused it, and asked for Dresden, and offered his resignation as Minister of Police. The new Chamber was very royalist in its sentiments, and it was thought that the Cabinet could not appear before it with Fouché. Talleyrand went to see the King, and told him with much solemnity that the position of the ministry was becoming difficult at the moment when arrangements for a new treaty of peace with the Allies were beginning. Europe would not be as generous as in 1814; the nations and the armies claimed compensations. There was some talk of an alteration of the frontiers. Europe would have guarantees for the future; this terrible negotiation was beginning with a new Chamber, ignorant of public affairs. "As for us," said Talleyrand, "we could not face such a difficult situation if your Majesty did not give us a formal support. If this could not be, we would ask the King this very day to choose new councillors." Talleyrand meant nothing but a change in the Cabinet. He was ready to sacrifice Fouché, and in order to establish his influence, he had spoken more peremptorily than usual. He did not quite understand Louis XVIII. His language had offended the King, who remained silent for a few moments, looking at the ceiling of the room. "Well," said he, finally, with the greatest tranquillity, "I will take a new Cabinet." Talleyrand bowed, and retired.

Louis XVIII. kept Vitrolles by him, as a sort of Secretary of the King as well as of the Cabinet. The Duc de Richelieu was charged with the mission of forming a new administration. He had spent all the period of the emigration in Russia. To those who told Louis XVIII. that he was unknown, he answered, "Major a longinquo reverentia." The current bon-mot of the time was that M. de Richelieu was the man of France who



best knew the Crimea. We shall see what became of Vitrolles under this new administration.

## Correspondence.

### WOMEN AND POLITICS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Is this an impartial sheet after all? Can it hit the mark so often in the centre, and again fall so wide of it? I should think once was enough to quote what some silly woman in the *Woman's Journal* used as a defence for Blaine. Does the *Nation* think the best ability and profoundest thought of womankind are represented in this woman's organ? I, for one, have long ceased to subscribe for it; I outgrew it in my swaddling-clothes, so to speak. It seems, from your article on the first page of the issue of November 6, that you have fully measured the thinking minds of women, on politics—and find them wanting. This is too bad! I can recall as many women as men who have turned from their party as now represented by Blaineism, and done noble work for Cleveland—unbaffled by the reports and some evidence that his chastity was at fault. These women have as fully measured and sifted the two men, and what they promise to the nation, as the Independent masculine minds. Perhaps such women have not done their full duty in not speaking through the press during the campaign. Many of us are accustomed to read and think much; but writing with force is an art acquired only with much practice, and if our work and duties lie in other fields, we will not write unless it is forced upon us, and then we do not show our full strength as independent thinkers.

The men, divines and business men, who well know the trust placed in the hands of a Speaker in the House, are quite on a par with—or even below—the woman or women who see their way to thought and estimation of a man through Senator Hoar and Edwin D. Mead, when they say, as I have heard several avow, that they have read all the Mulligan letters, and are unable to detect anything derogatory to Blaine as “an honest, upright man in every particular.” It is to be devoutly hoped that this campaign will teach both men and women a lasting lesson, and strengthen “their powers of analysis and comparison in the fields both of logic and ethics.”

A PUPIL OF THE NATION.

DOVER, N. H., November 10, 1884.

### MR. BLAINE'S PECULIAR CANVASS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the course of his somewhat elaborate address in Boston on the night before the election, Mr. Blaine made this statement:

“I have never apologized or explained why I took what many closest friends regarded as an extraordinary step, in going before the public as a Presidential candidate somewhat more frequently and extensively than has been the habit of those chosen candidates of the great parties. But I here say now that I did it—and I desire to put this on record—because the peculiar character of the canvass was the personal justification of it.”

If you will permit me to say so, it seems to me that you ought to further Mr. Blaine's desire and “put this on record”—as a striking final illustration of the insincere and pretentious character of his candidacy. We have here his own word for it that he entered upon his extensive tour in order to defend himself against “personal” attacks. How did he go about it? Charged with having trafficked in legislative influence, Mr. Blaine went up and down the country to tell the people that the tariff has tripled the national

wealth in twenty years. Confronted with his Monroe Doctrine bluster, he gave extracts from the statistics of agriculture, interlarded with flattering bits of local history or reminiscence. Charged with crookedness in the Landreau business, he asked his hearers if they wanted all the mills to shut down. Reminded of his surplus-revenue letter, he spoke of possible Democratic success as leading to “an overturning and great organic changes in the Government.” Asked to reconcile his letters to Bundy and Denison, he playfully told the striking miners of the Hocking Valley that “they must expect ‘a streak of lean with a streak of fat.’”

Permit me to subscribe myself,

A BOLTING REPUBLICAN.

MICHIGAN, November 8, 1884.

### ONE PHASE OF THE OUTLOOK.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: *Harper's Weekly* is no doubt right in saying that the ultimate effects of Cleveland's election cannot yet be foreseen—so multitudinous and diverse are the interests through which these effects will ramify. But it seems to me impossible not to feel that its effects on the future of the Republican party depend in no minor degree on the course of the Republican leaders and the Republican press during the next six, or at most twelve, months. Among the many “lessons of the election” is not this an obvious one, that the American people are ready to smooth out and iron down “the bloody shirt,” do it up with care and camphor, and put it away in the back closet of party politics? Not that the nation's heart for one moment throbs less true to the Union or the cause of universal freedom than it did twelve, sixteen, or twenty years ago, but simply that the plain, practical men who make up (as may they long continue to make up) the great mass of our voters, have come to regard the settlement of the war issues as safe beyond the possibility of undoing; and, further, to require of political parties that their aspirations and endeavors “fall in” with the soul of Capt. John Brown, and keep marching on.

That this, at any rate, is the attitude of mind in which most Independent Republicans find themselves, the morning after victory, is, I think, very certain. They are satisfied that in no shape whatever is the principle of secession any more an issue in American politics than the “peculiar institution” is a factor in American industry or a problem in American sociology. With all their heart they believe in progress—a movement straightforward, that is, and not round and round in a circle, like the wheelings of a hunted ostrich, or the wanderings of some lost wretch in a snowstorm. They have their convictions, and the “courage of them” too. Nobody crusades more vigorously than they. But it is against the living hordes of despoiling infidels that they demand to be led, not against those elder evaporated infidels, the mummies of the Pharisees.

In forecasting the future of the Republican party no one can with reason shut his eyes to two things. One is that for the party to forfeit permanently the confidence of its “Independent” element would be a fatal blow to its every prospect of recovered ascendancy. The other is that the influential and steadily increasing class of voters in question can never be rallied around the ghost of a dead past. They will, as heretofore, fight in the front rank, but they will insist on being placed face to face with existing verities, real issues, living questions. The party that leaves them the most free, and gives them the best opportunity for working out what they believe to be their own and the country's salvation, is the party they will support, the party which

their decisive vote will place or maintain in power.

Will that party be the Republican? Will its doctors of the law and Talmud-wise scribes be able to discern the signs of the times? Is it capable of “rising on stepping-stones of its dead self to higher things”? I, for one, shall await the unfolding of its plans and policy in the new sphere of “the opposition” with solicitous interest.

Meanwhile, what shall we say to the Mumbo-Jumbos of journalism in New York, in Chicago, in Cincinnati, who are still loudly meowing “the Solid South” and “the Rebel yell,” as though these outworn catch phrases embodied the profoundest and the sanest of human wisdom, instead of being, in their present application, little better than mere gibberish? This much at least: “Such veteran Nimrods in the field of politics as you are, ought to show more skill. You should better know the habits of your game. They are too old birds, these Independents, to be caught with chaff from a thrice-beaten sheaf, or frightened by a scarecrow rigged out in their own discarded feathers.”

E. HANSFORD.

ST. LOUIS, MO., November 15, 1884.

### MR. EVARTS'S BARRATRY OR CHAMPERTY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The London *Law Times* of June 21, referring to the condition of the legal profession in England, says:

“The circular from the Attorney-General asking the bar for increased support to the Barristers' Benevolent Association ought to receive a hearty response from those who have means. But the fact is, very few barristers have means. The number of those who earn a decent living appears every year to diminish, and at the present moment it may be safely said that the dearth of new business is unprecedented. On the other hand, the number of distressed members increases.”

It is well known that the same condition of thing prevails in America, and it is impossible not to perceive how the steady diminution of legitimate business—an increase in the number of those annually admitted to the bar—tend to stimulate unwarranted and unworthy litigation, and to lower the tone of the profession. Under this pernicious influence, not a few hitherto respectable lawyers seem to have forgotten that the catalogue of crime includes the offence known as barratry, and have turned their attention to spying out grievances—real or imaginary—which they kindly take up “on spec,” after the fashion of Dodson & Fogg.

The Hon. William M. Evarts can scarcely be numbered among the “distressed members” of the American bar, nor can the suspicion be entertained that the demoralization to which I have alluded extends to one of its reputed leaders; but in his connection with the legal measures which have been advised or threatened in New York to aid in counting Cleveland out and Blaine in, he certainly appears oblivious to the offence of barratry. This offence is defined to be “the frequent exciting and stirring up suits and quarrels, either in the courts or in the country, as by taking and keeping possession of lands in controversy, or by spreading false rumors whereby discord and disquiet may grow among neighbors.” If this offence is worthy of prohibition and punishment by the law when the subject is a mere private right, and the contestants are individuals only, how much more richly does it merit condemnation and punishment when the stake is empire, and half the nation is arrayed on each side.

No one can be convicted of a single act of barratry. The charge and the proof must be that the accused is a common barrator. It seems that three distinct acts must be shown to make out

the offence, and as, up to this date, Mr. Evarts scores only *two*—namely, the successful attack upon Tilden in 1876, and the threatened attack upon Cleveland in 1884—he is not chargeable with barratry.

But there is another offence, known as *champertry*, or “the maintenance of another in his suit on condition to have part of the thing in dispute,” which is not so difficult of proof generally, and as to which Mr. Evarts’s record is by no means clear. When he accepted the position of Secretary of State, as the result of his maintenance of the anomalous proceedings under which Mr. Hayes’s seat as President was obtained, most unbiassed persons thought, and many of his admirers feared, he could not escape the taint of suspicion; and when he embarked in the scheme of Mr. Blaine and Mr. Elkins to defeat again the popular will as expressed by the ballot-box, he gave confirmation alike to the opinion of his political foes and the fears of his friends, that he had lent himself to the doctrine that in politics bargain and corruption are neither punishable nor reprehensible.

But, however this may be according to the popular standard, Mr. Evarts should know that in the eyes of that part of the country to which his position as a leader of the American bar should cause him to turn for vindication, the stain upon his reputation is one which not all the waters of Lethe can wash out.

Yours respectfully,

JAMES A. PEARCE.

CHESTERTOWN, MD., November 15, 1884.

## Notes.

DR. O. W. HOLMES will open a “New Portfolio” in the *Atlantic* for the coming year—a series of papers whose contents are not otherwise indicated than by the title just quoted.

“Trajan,” a serial story cut off untimely by the cessation of the *Manhattan*, will be published in book form, complete, by Cassell & Co.

Mr. Edmund Gosse, who has recently succeeded Mr. Leslie Stephen in the Clark Lectureship on English Literature at Cambridge, is about to visit this country to deliver a course of Lowell lectures in Boston on Tuesdays and Fridays of the first, second, and third weeks in December. The title of the course will be “From Shakspeare to Pope,” and the subject of it may broadly be said to be the rise and development of the classical school of English poetry in the seventeenth century. It will be divided into the following lectures: 1. Poetry at the death of Shakspeare. 2. Waller and Sacharissa. 3. The Exiles. 4. Davenant and Cowley. 5. The Reaction. 6. The Restoration. The same course will be delivered in January at Johns Hopkins University; and a shorter course on “Gray and the Recent History of His Writings,” a subject to which Mr. Gosse has recently been giving special attention, has also been prepared by him for the Baltimore audience.

Stenographic notes of Sir William Thomson’s eighteen lectures on “Molecular Dynamics,” delivered last month at the Johns Hopkins University, have been reproduced (with additions subsequently made by the lecturer) by the Papyrograph Plate Process, and will be issued in a limited edition by the Publication Agency of the University. A special bibliography is included. The form is 4to, pp. 350.

We noticed early in the present year a suggestive article in the *Overland Monthly*, by Mr. John Johnson, on “Rudimentary Society Among Boys,” drawn from his own experience as an instructor in the McDonogh (Md.) Institute. Mr. Johnson followed up the first by a second article,

on “Judicial Procedure among Boys,” and has now elaborated both so as to take a place in the second series of the Johns Hopkins University Studies in Historical and Political Science. Boys furnish so many evidences of an inchoate civilization that it cannot be said that Dr. Adams has admitted a merely curious or irrelevant contribution to the series which he edits. The December issue, on “Land Laws of Mining Camps,” by Charles Howard Shinn, will complete the present series of Studies. A third is already announced, with contents relating to local and municipal government, State and national institutions, and American economic history.

So considerable has been the inquiry for Mr. Rowland Hazard’s address before the Washington County (R. I.) Agricultural Society, since our brief account of it, that he has been led to reprint it in pamphlet form (Providence). His subject was the tariff, especially in its relation to the woolen industry, in its broadest sense, and his point of view that of a manufacturer who is supposed to be “protected.” It marks the distortion of the reasoning faculty which sixty years of protectionism has produced, that this discourse was objected to as out of place (“in bad taste”) on the special occasion for which it was prepared—as if farmers had nothing to do with the tariff, or as if the subject belonged exclusively to the domain of party politics. The statistics which Mr. Hazard presents deserve the widest attention.

We can now do little more than acknowledge the receipt of the second number of the American series of papers of the Archaeological Institute of America, namely, Mr. A. F. Bandelier’s report of his archaeological tour in Mexico in 1881. It is mainly occupied with the account of researches about Cholula and Mitla. It is little creditable to our country that such researches as are here recorded are perforce limited by the means at the disposal of the Institute, when so much money is wasted in the satisfaction of national vanity with no definite purpose or intelligence to guide it. The report contains numerous illustrations, mostly photographic, and suggests that there is now no reason for any scientific explorer not being a good photographer. The negatives of these illustrations, with two or three exceptions of the carved monuments at Mexico, even making allowance for the heliotype falling off from the original, must have been very defective.

We have before us a prospectus of the Anglo-American Baconian Society, dated October, 1884, which shows that the promoters of it are not given up to the sole object of inquiring whether Shakspeare’s plays were not written by Francis Bacon. The platform, which is tentative still, is broad enough to take in any one who has a remote interest in the English “philosopher, lawyer, essayist, and poet.”

Mr. Edward Roth’s “Complete Index to Little’s Living Age” (Philadelphia, 1135 Pine Street) has now reached No. 5 of Volume I—*Marie Thérèse*—Andrew Murray.

The Manchester (Eng.) *Quarterly* for October devotes some twenty-five pages to the bibliography of the town for 1883. Mr. W. E. A. Axon’s article on “Byron’s Influence on English Literature” may also be called bibliographical as well as critical; and in the former category may further be placed Mr. Richard Bagot’s tribute to H. K. Browne (“Phiz”), which is illustrated by several facsimiles of Browne’s designs for Dickens’s works, one being engraved by Mr. Bagot himself.

Some time ago we reported that an exhibition of loaned books would be held at the University of California, Berkeley. This actually took place in the last week in May, and now we receive a catalogue of it. The 470 numbers are introduced by MSS., No. 1 being a Siamese ballad, No. 25 Bret Harte’s “Heathen Chinee,” No. 27 Seyppel’s

“Schlau, Schlauer, am Schläusten” (by courtesy classed as a manuscript, as are some other printed works relating to the art of illumination, miniatures, etc.). The next department is of Block Printing, where the only genuine specimens are Oriental. The number of Incunabula exhibited was considerable and the works interesting; Sebastian Brandt leading off in order, though not earliest in date. The subsequent arrangement is by countries, Mr. Hubert H. Bancroft lending from his remarkable collection four works printed in Mexico before 1572. Book Illustration and Binding were well exhibited. Several indexes complete this valuable record of a very creditable display.

The ‘Biblioteca Dantesca Scartazziniana-Ferrucciana,’ issued by Hoepli, in Milan (New York: Westermann), as No. 21 of his antiquarian catalogues, embraces 1,149 numbers. Though a priced catalogue, it has an intrinsic value to the Dante student.

Mr. Christern sends us the prospectus of the official publication of Botticelli’s designs for Dante’s ‘Divine Comedy,’ under the auspices of the Royal Museum at Berlin and the special direction of Friedrich Lippmann. These designs, partly sketched in metal alone, partly executed also with the pen, and one being washed in, were, together with the Dante codex on the reverse of whose text pages they occurred, the spoils of the Hamilton collection; and to make them public is an act of great generosity on the part of the Prussian authorities. They are eighty-three in number. The paper employed in the reproduction will imitate the original parchment. The plates will be issued in three lots, beginning with the present month, and a brief explanatory letterpress will accompany the completed series.

Stormonth’s English Dictionary, in its Franklin Square dress, reaches the word *Person* with Part 14.

A selection from the translations by Sir Theodore Martin and Edgar A. Bowring of Heine’s ‘Book of Songs’ (White, Stokes & Allen) does not, of course, mean the best that could be made. Still, one may be glad to own this little volume. No date is attached to the preface, but the reader of it will divine that “recently” does not refer to the immediate past, else the failure to make use of the just published *Memoirs of Heine* for the biographical sketch would be inexcusable.

White, Stokes & Allen have developed the old-fashioned Christmas card into four thin quarto silk-fringed volumes containing each a series of poems and of illustrations, the latter printed in excellent chromo-lithography—“A Bunch of Roses,” “From Moor to Glen,” “Pansies and Orchids,” and “Roses and Forget-Me-Nots”—and collectively known as “The Flower Song Series.” Each contains eight to twelve poems and four illustrations, besides the illuminated cover, of which that to “From Moor to Glen” has the most successful reproduction of autumn leaves we have yet seen.

We have from Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, four new calendars—a Longfellow, a Holmes, a Whittier, and an Emerson—each displaying a fairly good chromo portrait of the poet to whom it is dedicated, with the usual decorative surroundings. A bevy of pretty girls, not in the usual garb even of the Athens of America, are crowning the silvered head of the Autocrat with roses; Emerson is brooded over by the shadow of the pine, Longfellow is attended by the genius of Poetry with a laurel wreath, and Whittier is placed between Maud Muller and Mabel Martin.

Prang & Co. dip into the animal creation for the subjects of their Christmas cards, and the bear, the owl, the cat, the turtle, and the hare furnish the subject-matter. Three singing dandies give a “joyous Christmas” in the same package.



A pamphlet entitled "The Azoic System and its Proposed Subdivisions," by J. D. Whitney and M. E. Wadsworth, recently published by the Cambridge Museum of Comparative Zoölogy as one of its bulletins, purports to give the views entertained up to this time by American and Canadian geologists with regard to the oldest, and consequently most obscure, of the geological formations, generally known as the Archæan. This is done partly by actual quotations—in general, short and fragmentary—and partly by summarized statements of the authors of the pamphlets. The names quoted comprise all the most well-known geologists of the country, and their views upon this subject are shown to be, with surprising uniformity, valueless, if not actually inconsistent and absurd. The views of the authors of the pamphlets, on the other hand, though not very clearly stated here, are shown to be the only true ones, but seem to have been singularly ignored by the rest of their confrères. This is evidently wrong, and it is to be hoped that the labors of these gentlemen, in correcting the errors of the rest of the geological world, will in time receive their merited recognition and reward.

In the double number, 112, 113, of the *Zeitschrift* of the Berlin Geographical Society (Dietrich Reimer) is a large-scale colored map of the island of Mindanao, with the administrative and ethnographical divisions appropriately designated, the accompanying article on this comparatively little-known island being by F. Blumentritt. The geography of the Loo-Choo (Liu-Chiu) Islands, between Formosa and Japan, is discussed with the aid of Japanese sources by F. George Müller-Beeck, and illustrated by a chart drawn from the British Admiralty series. The *Verhandlungen* of the same society (No. 6, 7, of vol. xi) contains a discourse on the rise of the Mahdi, by R. Buchta, who suggests that Gordon has been overrated by his own countrymen.

*Science* for November 14 gives a useful map (after Wyld) of the seat of war in the Sudan, as an accompaniment, however, rather to the paper on the "Navigation of the Nile," by Mr. Charles P. Stone, than to that on "A Mussulman Propaganda" (the Brotherhood of the Senusians), by Mr. W. H. Dall.

An entertaining article in the *Revue Suisse*, on the origin of family names, concludes with a prophecy. Families are continually dying out—at least in the male line. Inevitably family names must die with them. The common names will of course remain—all the branches of the family cannot die; but the rarer names will disappear. We shall be reduced to a dead level of Smith, Jones, Dubois, Martin, Legros, Legras, Leblond, Lenoir. It is an inexpressibly dreary idea, that of living in a world composed of Jones, Brown, and Robinson. But fortunately it is not to be feared. M. de Verdilhac is a false prophet. Convenience alone, if no other reason, would compel some of the too numerous Smiths or the Joneses to take other names. The family appellations that had died out would come into use again, just as a title in the English peerage may be taken up again and again by different families when the attainder of the sovereign or of nature has for the time being left no one to bear it.

—We very much regret the publication, on p. 419 of our last issue, of a criticism on No. 13 of the Professional Papers of the Signal Service, the injustice of which has since been made evident to us. While we do not impugn the good-faith of the reviewer, we cannot account for the errors both of fact and of judgment to which he committed himself and us.

—In the collection of American poetry put together by the late C. Fiske Harris, one of the departments which cost the least money, and which in some respects possesses the greatest value, was

that devoted to the fugitive song-books of the war and of the successive Presidential campaigns. Little pamphlets like these are almost as difficult to rescue from destruction as the vagrant broadside, and we trust those to whom the collection is now confided will continue to pay special attention to this department, for the benefit of the future historian of American manners, to whom the "Plumed Knight Blaine and Logan Campaign Songster"—if haply such a work may exist—will furnish information to be sought elsewhere in vain. We trust, also, that there is some collector devoting himself to the gathering of the curiosities of the successive campaigns—badges, medals, canes, caricatures, circulars, pamphlets, broadsides, "posters," and "documents" of all sorts. To this collector we recommend two of the most original outbreaks of American newspaper humor with which we are acquainted. There is an absurd phrase, now, for a little space, familiar in men's mouths as household words, which permits a man to declare in his joy that he will "paint the town red." On Saturday, November 8, the joyful editor of the *Evening News* of Norfolk, Va., proceeded to "paint the town red," by issuing it on paper of a painfully brilliant crimson. The same idea seems to have struck the editor of the *Whitehall* (N. Y.) *Times*, who sent forth his paper of Wednesday, November 12, also "painted red," but this time by means of red ink and white paper, a combination more merciful to the eyes than that of the Virginian editor. Both papers are freely emblazoned with the crowing cock of triumph. To these should be added the recent issue of the *New York Tribune* containing the "Star-Spangled Banner" as a paean of victory.

—In the current number of the *Revue de Belgique* we find a forcibly written review of Belgian history under the enigmatical title of "L'Inconnu." From the writer's point of view, Belgian history begins in 1788, when the country awoke from a sleep of centuries to defeat the reforms of its Austrian sovereign. The intended changes were well meant, and would have had, in the ordinary course of things, a beneficial effect. As, however, the Low Countries were so soon to be overrun, and for so long a time held, by the French, the efforts of Joseph II. in the direction of administrative reform would, in any event, have proved useless. But the revolution of 1788 is none the less important as illustrative of the spirit and tendency of Belgian history, and the point to be noted is that though the nobility and clergy, whose privileges were diminished in favor of the Government and, incidentally, of the people, were the only parties aggrieved, the revolution was due to the "unknown element," whose existence was previously unsuspected. 1830 was, substantially, a repetition of 1788, the Government measures which formed the occasion or excuse for the rising being in themselves advantageous. Both movements were, so to say, a convulsive stretching of the limbs of the body politic, produced far more by the internal need of expansion than from any pressure or irritation from without. They were leaps in the dark, the objects finally attained, at least in the second instance, being by no means definitely aimed at. The point here made is that great political movements in Belgium proceed from "the unknown"; that they are as little foreseen or understood by natives as by foreigners; that they are neither Catholic nor anti-Catholic, neither French nor Flemish, neither high nor low in their origin, but universal, the product of a national instinct which, diverse as are the sections of the population, unites them all.

—But it is very strange that with comparative freedom for centuries, and positive liberty for three generations, the Belgian people should be,

politically speaking, so undeveloped that it is incapable of understanding, much less of advocating or supporting, any political programme. All it can do is to treat the party in power as responsible for whatever evils it is conscious of, though the remedy may be worse than the disease. What, asks our author, was the cause of the present eruption of this volcanic people? To him, the answer is easy, but its correctness is yet to be proved. It is that the Belgians have become conscious of their want of national dignity and the decay of their prosperity. Since 1830 they have been treated by Europe, not as owners of their country, but as mere tenants at will. This has destroyed or prevented the growth of independence of thought as well as of freedom of action.

"Not to go back further than twenty years, there is not another people, large or small, which has not been engaged in some manly and invigorating enterprise. Despite their losses and sacrifices, other nations have developed, have grown stronger, while we, who have had no misfortunes, run no risks, have seen our national position crumble away beneath our feet. . . . While we dared not move for fear of attracting our neighbors' attention, Russia, Hungary, America, the La Plata States, have ruined our farmers, Holland has killed our commerce, England and Germany our metal industry, France our manufacture of articles of luxury."

Unfortunate as is the immediate result, the present disturbed state, the writer thinks, is to be hailed as a necessary preliminary of progress.

—Two successive numbers of the *Revue Critique* have contained articles on its Oriental editor, Stanislas Guyard, who has just died, at the age of thirty-eight—as Renan says, speaking in the name of the College of France, "the youngest, the most promising, the most loved among us." "Love of the public good," Renan says afterward, "the abstract sentiment of duty, formed the only motives of his life. Alas, he was too perfect, and when one has arrived at that extreme degree of disinterestedness, the earth no longer has hold enough upon one; one is too ready, at the least sign, to leave it. A hunger for work possessed him; it destroyed for him the possibility of repose. When he thought of so many fine things that were still to be done, when he saw the harvest so good and the reapers so few, he was seized with a sort of fever, he undertook the work of ten men. Fatigue soon brought insomnia and the loss of power to labor; for him incapacity to labor was death." Guyard's thoughts were directed to the field in which he so distinguished himself by the circumstances of his boyhood, part of which was passed in Russia. His father was one of the teachers in a house where young Persian gentlemen were educated. Guyard learned both languages, and the two elements in the latter, Aryan and Semitic, so excited his curiosity that he learned Sanskrit and Arabic. With such a set of tools, and with great curiosity and indefatigable perseverance, a man may go far in philology. His tastes led him into investigations of little interest to the general public—Arabic irregular plurals, for instance, or the Sufic theory of predestination and free-will—and he had not Renan's attractive style. But to Oriental scholars his papers are invaluable. His treatise on Arabic metres, in which his strong taste for music was of the greatest assistance, is the standard work on the subject. Of late years he gave his chief attention to Assyriology. In the great dispute between the Accadians and the anti-Accadians, to which we have several times alluded, in which MM. Oppert and Halévy are the chief opponents, he at first was a believer in Accad, but soon changed his opinion. James Darmesteter has taken his post as Oriental editor of the *Revue Critique*; but the cause of the elevation of France by learning will not so easily find one to replace Guyard. His loss is equalled only by that of Charles Graux.

—We have received (Paris: Hachette) the second volume of Reinach's 'Manuel de Philologie Classique,' which ends the work. This volume is a complete appendix, admirably arranged, to the first volume—a mass of references and notes on all subjects or publications connected with classical philology and archaeology, which, in its compactness, thoroughness, and orderliness, is a monument of scientific erudition. There is lacking in the reference, so far as we can discover, no article in any journal even in part devoted to the science with which the manual deals: English, German, French, Italian, American, Russian, Greek, Swiss, and Scandinavian journals are brought under contribution; nothing seems so insignificant as to escape the encyclopedic eye of the author. An extract from the preface will show the spirit in which he has undertaken his work; only a prolonged study can discover the measure of his success:

"I have desired to place within reach of everybody, condensed in a few pages, the fruit of many years of work, in the hope that those who may come after me will profit by my labor and save themselves a part of the toil which the composition of this Manual has cost me. Now that my work is done, I may in truth say with the poet, 'This book is the whole of my youth'; but I cannot say with him, 'I have composed it almost without intending it.' For seven years I have read no book or scientific review without asking myself what profit I could draw from my reading, either for the completion of the Manual or for the determination of some uncertain conclusions; and in this uninterrupted pursuit of documents over the vast field of philology, the consciousness of the services which I might render has alone preserved me from discouragement and fatigue."

The entire preface is an essay on archaeological study which no student can read without feeling his blood quickened by the passionate devotion to science which breathes through it, or without recognizing the profound humility before science of the truly scientific mind, fitly expressed in the author's own words: "When a philologist decides to give in its integrity to the public the entire storehouse of the facts which he has collected under difficulties, he may without regret add to this gratuity the sacrifice of his *amour propre*." In M. Reinach's case, any such sacrifice will surely be bread cast upon the waters.

—It was a great triumph for Mrs. Stowe when her 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' was translated into some two dozen languages. It was, perhaps, as great a triumph for Baldassare Castiglione's 'Il Cortigiano' to be translated into half-a-dozen. Applying to the duties of courtiers the same treatment that a long line of writers, beginning with Thomas Aquinas and ending with Machiavel, and embracing Colonna, Oecleve, Pontanus, Beroaldus, and Elyot, had applied to princes, but adding a portraiture of aulic manners which naturally introduced a popular satire, it attained a great vogue, and must have had a very considerable influence. Within twenty years of its publication in 1528 it was reprinted ten times, and as many editions have been issued since. Besides this it undoubtedly gave rise to Girolamo Sessa's 'Il Cortigiano,' written in 1534, and imitated in the Spanish prelate Antonio de Guevara's 'Menosprecio de la Corte y Alabanza de la Aldea' (1591), which went through half-a-dozen editions and was translated into Italian, French, German, and English. Besides which there were several other works of less note on the same theme, the 'De Aula' of Guillelmus Insulanus, for instance. Among the other imitations of Castiglione was the 'Dworzanin Polski,' that is, the 'Polish Courtier,' of Lukasz Górnicki, which has just been described in a book on Górnicki by R. Löwenfeld (Breslau, Koobner). The 'Polish Courtier,' it appears, is not a translation, but a very free imitation; the characters are true Polish gentlemen, and their manners and habits of

thought are exactly depicted, so that it is a trustworthy and entertaining picture of the times.

#### CARLYLE IN LONDON.

*Thomas Carlyle: a History of His Life in London, 1834-1881.* By James Anthony Froude, M.A. Two volumes in one. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1884.

*The Same.* [Illustrated.] Harper & Bros.

IN Carlyle's 'Reminiscences,' his wife's correspondence, the Carlyle-Emerson correspondence, and in Mr. Froude's biography, we have altogether as complete a picture of a literary life as that which has been preserved for us in the case of any of the writers of our century. We might add, most of the literary men of other centuries; for, with one exception, we recall no man of the first distinction whose memorials have been so thoroughly and unsparingly turned over to the public. Boswell was, however, more successful in his task than Mr. Froude has proved, for he succeeded, if somewhat at his own expense, in making his master loved and admired. Mr. Froude has an unfortunate facility for making us dislike himself and Carlyle at the same time. This is no doubt in part due to his extraordinary want of tact in bringing in, for no purpose that can be clearly made out, the hard life led by Carlyle's wife—the facts showing the boorish inconsiderateness with which she was treated by him, and in these volumes the temporary estrangement between the two caused by the behavior of another woman. So far does Mr. Froude carry his researches in the domestic field, that he is able to tell us now that toward the end of her life Mrs. Carlyle almost came to think that her husband's affection was totally gone, though he kindly adds that the misunderstanding on this subject was cleared up afterward by Carlyle's improved behavior. By dragging in all the details of Carlyle's domestic life, Mr. Froude has succeeded in making an interesting book; but the interest is in part that of a tragedy, in which we sympathize with the victim, Mrs. Carlyle.

Mr. Froude, to meet the criticisms brought out by the previous Carlyle publication, has attempted to do what is extremely difficult in the case of a teacher like Carlyle, to construct a theory of his philosophy. Intellectually, he professed no creed of any kind. Religion he had none, and yet he attacked all the prevailing creeds of his time. Political economy he denounced much as a mediæval priest might have denounced astronomy; radicalism and democracy he thought to be shams, and "mothers of dead dogs." Utilitarianism was so repulsive to him that his loathing for it severed him completely from one of his earliest friends. Philanthropy, reform, progress, he made constant fun of. What was his own view of life? What was the secret that he thought he had found, and was always preaching to his contemporaries? Mr. Froude says:

"To the Scotch people and to the Puritan part of the English, the Jewish history contained a faithful account of the dealings of God with man in all countries and in all ages. As long as men kept God's commandments it was well with them; when they forgot God's commandments and followed after wealth and enjoyment, the wrath of God fell upon them. Commerce, manufactures, intellectual enlightenment, political liberty, outward pretences of religiosity, all that modern nations mean when they speak of wealth and progress and improvement, were but Moloch or Astarte in a new disguise, and now as then it was impossible to serve God and Baal. In some form or other retribution would come, wherever the hearts of men were set on material prosperity."

"To this simple creed Carlyle adhered as the central principle of all his thoughts. The outward shell of it had broken. He had ceased to believe in miracles and supernatural interpositions. But to him the natural was the superna-

tural, and the tales of signs and wonders had risen out of the efforts of men to realize the deepest of truths to themselves. The Jewish history was the symbol of all history. All nations in all ages were under the same dispensation. We did not come into the world with rights which we were entitled to claim, but with duties which we were ordered to do. Rights men had none, save to be governed justly. Duties waited for them everywhere. Their business was to find what those duties were and faithfully fulfil them. So and only so the commonwealth could prosper; only so would they be working in harmony with nature; only so would nature answer them with peace and happiness. Of forms of government, that which was best administered was best. Any form would answer where there was justice between man and man. Constitutions, Bills of Rights, and such like were no substitutes for justice, and could not further justice till men were themselves just. They must seek first God's kingdom, they must be loyally obedient to the law which was written in their consciences; or, though miracles had ceased, or had never been, there were forces in the universe terrible as the thunders of Sinai or Assyrian armies, which would bring them to their senses or else destroy them. The French Revolution was the last and most signal example of 'God's revenge.' The world was not made that the rich might enjoy themselves while the poor toiled and suffered. On such terms society itself was not allowed to exist. The film of habit on which it rested would burst through, and hunger and fury would rise up and bring to judgment the unhappy ones whose business it had been to guide and govern, and had not guided and had not governed."

In other words, Carlyle was at heart a Scotch Calvinist, thoroughly filled with the spirit of the Old Testament, and feeling a strong "call" upon him to summon erring man back to God. A great deal of the old Hebraistic fervor he undoubtedly had, but if he had confined himself to preaching what Mr. Froude sets down as his simple creed, he would have had few hearers. He resembled all true prophets in another way, that he felt the mundane order of things to be wrong. It was God against the world (inspired by the devil), and he was God's man. It is curious how he always assumes that he is inspired; that he has a message to deliver; that he has something to say to the world which is of the last importance to "get uttered," and how when it comes out it always appears to involve the assumption that the world and civilization, as they exist, are entirely wrong. This idea, which has come down to us through the Scripture, is still a living superstition in the East, where saviours and redeemers are still continually expected, and not only expected but appearing, ready to upset the existing order and bring in a reign of universal truth. Carlyle and Emerson both had a natural tendency towards indulgence in this superstition. In Emerson it predisposed him to a mild optimism, in Carlyle to a ferocious pessimism which included in its contempt even the philosophy of his friend and fellow-seer.

If this be a correct and fair view of Carlyle, he was a curious species of Hebraistic survival in the midst of Western society. He was not in any sense a Christian. Not only had he no belief in Christianity as a religious scheme, but Christian ethics did not interest him in the least. Love your neighbor as yourself, do as you would be done by, make your guiding motives in life unselfish—these were not maxims that he cared anything about. The "justice" that he thought people entitled to was a sort of hangman's justice; and the "duties" that he continually preached were duties owed by man, not to his fellow-man, but to God. The reason he fastened upon the French Revolution as a significant historical epoch was that he considered the downfall of the French monarchy as a marked instance of "God's revenge," that is, of direct interposition and punishment of the wicked—exactly the notion of a temporal providence that runs through the whole of the Old Testament; and it is curious to notice that toward the end of his life we find him ex-



pressing some dissatisfaction with the Almighty for not having done anything of importance in the same way since.

Thoroughly Calvinistic was Carlyle's state of self-torment, which in his letters and journals he is continually bringing forward as the matter of the most interest to his correspondents or to posterity. He "wrestled" in secret with the powers of evil, much as one of his Scotch ancestors might have done, except that as he had no definite religious creed, his task was not, as theirs would have been, to save his soul from eternal damnation. His pictures of his own mental agony are rather those of a soul already lost, and doomed to a kind of death in life. Consequently these torments come to nothing, yield us nothing in reading about them, except a curious kind of distress, and a curiosity which is never satisfied.

There is certainly nothing more beautiful in the teachings of the Christian Church, nor in the lives of the best men and women who have made the name of Christian memorable, than the discovery that the secret of happiness is unselfishness, and that an altruistic motive in human relations is the key to the performance of duty to God. It may be, as some people contend, that this motive could never have been made so powerful in the Christian world, if it had not been that immortality had been promised as an offset to earthly self-abnegation; and those who believe this might certainly find a powerful argument in their favor in Carlyle's life, for he never clearly believed in immortality, and there is little or no sign of altruism in his writings: "justice" is with him, as we have said, but another name for punishment. So we find him shocking the tender heart of Margaret Fuller, accustomed to life in a country where democracy and social equality had begun to give men almost a feminine belief in self-sacrifice, and alienating Mill, who, if brought up without any religion, imbibed the Christian spirit with that of the age in which he lived.

Carlyle's love of Truth was evidently in great part hatred of the world around him. Nothing could show this more clearly than his estimate of his contemporaries, his friends and acquaintances. To take a few instances at random from these volumes, Mill he found to be a "stunted" man, Leigh Hunt "dwarfed and dislocated into the merest imbecility," Babbage "eminently unpleasant to me, with his frog mouth and viper eyes, with his hide-bound wooden irony, and the acriddest egotism looking through it," Mérimée a "wooden pedant," Coleridge "a weak, diffusive, weltering, ineffectual man," Macaulay "essentially irremediable" and "commonplace"—"all that was in him gone to the tongue." This gallery of Carlyle portraits of contemporaries might be increased indefinitely. Is it Truth which makes the letters and journals from which they are taken such entertaining reading? If all our means of knowledge about these men were gone except such as is contained in the Carlyle publications, what an extraordinary idea should we have of them. Not a word to show that he appreciated what they really were or had done—nothing like intelligent criticism; simply the expression of the cordial dislike of a literary man not yet at the top of the tree to those above him—envy, hatred, and malice masquerading in the guise of Truth.

But it was with things and opinions exactly as it was with persons. Carlyle hated cordially any belief and opinion with which he came in contact. What he hated most of all was science and the scientific way of looking at things. He also hated and despised art, apparently because he heard great numbers of people talking about it, for he was as ignorant of it as a Zulu. He invented, in order that he might administer a sounder drubbing to the political economists, a theory that there was a positive antagonism be-

tween political economy and Christianity, which the injudicious Mr. Froude thus formulizes: "Christianity tells us that we are not to care for the things of the earth; political economy is concerned with nothing else. Christianity says that the desire to make money is the root of all evil; political economy says that the more each man struggles to 'make money,' the better for the commonwealth." This, to be sure, is the translation of Carlyle by Mr. Froude, not his original language; but it must represent with some fairness the fundamental delusion which pervaded all his writing about the "dismal science." He hated political economy because he thought it a rival system to his own. There is nothing to show that he really knew, any better than Mr. Froude does, what political economy is; but there is something very naïf about the ignorance which has led to a condensation of Adam Smith in the above grotesque form.

There is no doubt that in his early life Carlyle sounded a sort of trumpet-call to battle, which seemed to rouse the world from the lethargy in which it was sunk. Truth is undoubtedly the battle-cry of our day and generation in science, in art, in criticism, in politics, even in religion. The first question asked of any inherited belief and any inherited institution is, How far is it true, how far does it rest on fact, or superstition, or prejudice? We should not forget, in the repulsion from him caused by Mr. Froude's unfortunate publications, that though we now cannot quite understand how it was, Carlyle's message, when it was first delivered, went to men's hearts and consciences, and roused them to lives of thought and action which were much finer than his own.

#### AN ANTIQUARIAN STOREHOUSE.

*The Gentleman's Magazine Library*: being a Classified Collection of the Chief Contents of the *Gentleman's Magazine* from 1731 to 1868. Edited by George Lawrence Gomme, F.S.A., Vol. I. Manners and Customs. Vol. II. Dialect Proverbs and Word-lore. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1884.

THERE is no heap from which a "find," of more or less worth, may not be hoped; and all the more when the heap is made up of the outpourings, through a monthly magazine, for nearly a hundred and fifty years, of thinking, and asking, and doubting, and objecting, and suggesting, by a good many men able to read and write, and eager to read and write before the world. The minds of men, mostly, as we must all confess—even the minds of men who read and write for the world—are pretty humdrum, some of them pretty stupid; but, on the other hand, there are, of course, some clever minds among so many. Taking them altogether, clever, stupid, humdrum, there must be, out of their best in a century and a half, a good deal of entertainment, and a good deal of information, and at least a little fun. From the *Gentleman's Magazine*, in England, which had a great many years of very uniform life, and a life of its own sort, such a gathering is now in the making; of which two taking-looking volumes have already come out under the name given at the head of this article. Gibbon it was, at Lausanne, who first, after the magazine had been going on for two generations, proposed the publishing of a collection from it of articles of general interest. Twenty years afterwards something of this sort was tried; but in the shape of selections, not of a "collection," as here.

The constituency of writers and readers belonging to the *Gentleman's Magazine* have been widely scattered over England (with Wales) and over Scotland, and even Ireland. Among them have been university-men, squires, parsons in country and city, porers in books; busy men

snatching at a little refreshment, between-whiles, from their work; sharp-set, nag-riding old searchers; plodders on foot, in leggings, with crab-tree cudgels; and idle, and busy-idle men, by whom the great amount of random, aimless, or loosely-aimed reading is done, and who now and then hit something. Here are descriptions of places and peoples; old and odd ways of life, and worship, and marriage, and burial, and speech; fairs and frolickings; queer signs of inns; names made strangely the worse or the better in getting out of old time into new, or in getting through from outlandish speech into homely English; dialects lasting on with a wondrous tang in them of Saxon or Norse. Here are bits of history, too, sometimes thrust up sharply, and accounts of books not often or easily seen.

We can readily see the scurrying and scouring over a steadfast kingdom, like Great Britain, which changes only very slowly and unwillingly; we can see the slow-browsing country-folk suddenly possessed by a thought, or a doubt, or a wanting to know, as by a gadfly, and uttering their question, as soon as may be, by help of Mr. Urban's magazine; we can see the pen scratching upon paper to give to so many readers some new thing which the writers have just found out, or to answer some question, or to question some other's answer. Sometimes we have the satisfaction of onlookers, in seeing questions and answers go straight to the target's eye, well-barbed, and stick. Sometimes here, as in other compendious exhibitions of human nature, as in railway ticket-offices, or the like, answers are patient and respectful; sometimes uncommon-wise and sententious; sometimes snappish and scornful. Sometimes those who undertake, in a self-satisfied way, to settle things, show themselves to know absurdly less than the first starters of a question. The stock, of all kinds, in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, thrown in by willing hands, in all these years, is large.

Philology, which is only just coming of age, of course appears, in the volumes before us, as in its teens or under; but men are here with good guesses and sensible thoughts, and sometimes a pretty good eye will catch for itself the gleam of a bit of intelligence in the midst of a reading in Old English, or some provincial dialect. (Take as an example of this, in simple shape, on page 160 of Volume I., "Zif him luste"—if it please him. The initial *z* is for *y*—as in "yemen" for yeomen. Now read *g* for *y*—for they are among the interchangeable, and the Scotch show us the very thing, in their "gif" or "gin"—and we have an easy etymology for our little conjunction "if." Give that it please him, or gin that it please him, is simply *grant that it please him*, or, *granted that it please him*.) The English of 500 years ago is a thorough treat, as we find it here in a good, large bit of a treatise on hunting.

By the plan of this book, the articles, from all the dates, which bear upon any one subject, are brought together. Paul Gemsege (Dr. Samuel Pegge, twisted) who, as an antiquarian ought, lived to be himself an antiquity and stretched his one life nearly through the seventeenth century, from end to end, may, with an article written at the time of the Scotch Rebellion, "in the Forty-five," meet Flora McDonald's son, John, or another, writing in the first quarter of this century, and Professor J. B. Mayor, whom we know for his classical and archaic work, writing in our time. We readers, coming into the assemblage of writers, from 1731 to 1868, find ourselves in what is a narrow circle, indeed, but is one of the concentric circles of the "Everlasting Now." It is as if we were all no further away from each other than is stem from stern of one small deck. So, the queerest or the hatefulest old customs suddenly caught sight of by a man of George

Second's time (and that lump of bad swine's-flesh gave name to our time, as well as English time, once) comes up also under our eyes as freshly as a "Portogee man-o'-war," or a tumbling porpoise, or the ugly fin of a man-eating shark, at sea.

And the customs so seen are sometimes very queer indeed, or very shocking. Thus the tenure of land is a tolerably serious matter wherever land can be held; but sometimes men have made as great nonsense as they could out of the way of holding it. Did ever the title of a manor so oddly dangle at the end of a whip-lash, and that in a church, during divine service, as at Thong-Caistor, in Lincolnshire? There, the deputy of the lord of the manor of Broughton comes, on *Palm Sunday*, armed with a new cart-whip; snaps this thrice in the church-porch; carries it on his shoulder up the aisle to the seat of the lord of the manor, and, during the reading of the Second Lesson, kneeling on a special hassock in front of the lectern, holds it, with a purse of thirty silver pennies dangling at the lash's end, over the head of the minister reading. At last, after divine service is over, he leaves whip and purse at the manor-house. And is there a country, besides England, where priest and people would tolerate a custom so utterly inconsistent with the dignity of their worship, to say nothing of the dignity of Him whom they worship?

At St. Briaval's, in Gloucestershire, on *Whitsunday*, of all days in the year, "several baskets of bread and cheese, cut into small squares of an inch each, are brought into the church; and immediately after divine service is ended the church-wardens or some other persons take them into the galleries, whence their contents are thrown among the congregation, who have a grand scramble for them in the body of the church. This occasions as great a tumult and uproar as the amusements of a village wake." To this unseemly practice is attached a much more important title than to the tomfoolery above described, inasmuch as it secures a considerable benefit to a whole class. By the keeping up of this noisy and half-riotous distribution, once a year, the poor of this and another parish are kept in the right of cutting and carrying away the wood from 3,000 acres of coppice land. The bread and cheese are bought by a contribution of a penny apiece from the householders; and whether these join with the poor in the scramble, and whether they snatch and keep, we are not told. One who should see this practice with eyes informed only by the sense common to his race, might think that this bread and cheese could be as well scrambled for on the highway or the village common or moor, out of sight or hearing from the church, as in that building carefully set apart and hallowed for worship.

Another custom, and a yet more marked example of the persistency of the English, is one which the city of London carefully observes, *for land that it does not hold!* This is yearly to be seen in the Court of the Exchequer in London, after a proclamation in these words as they stand in the Lord Treasurer's Remembrancer: "O yes, O yes, O yes! Tenants of a piece of waste ground in the County of Salop, come forth and do your service." Upon this summons the Senior Alderman steps forth and, like a doughty wight, wields a new bill-hook, and with it cleaves in twain a willow-wand. This "service," by which a bit of land in this case is *not* held, is called a "service of serjeanty." It looks as if it had come in place of that by which, in Henry Third's time, one Nicholas de Mora paid for some land in Mora or More, in the County of Salop, and, at some time later, one Walter de Aldeham, and later, again, the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, held the same land by the same service, which was then done as follows: Nicholas, or Walter,

or a knight representing the Order of Hospitalers (Knights of St. John), or whoever was the tenant at the time, paid at the Exchequer two knives and a hazel-rod of rent. The hazel-rod was of a year's growth and of a cubit's length, and the knives were one good and the other "very bad." The blade of the "very bad" knife was not of the stuff to go through the wand, but with the other the tenant, at a stroke, cut it in two in the middle. The Aldermen of the city of London are, for the most part, men that by downright doing have made their town the foremost in the world, and their way has been to leave little to chance, where they could make sure. They have brought in one effective bill-hook instead of the two knives, the bad and the good; but in throwing away the old tool, they have thrown into the offal-pit of our good old English words its name, "thwittle," the "whittle" of Macaulay's Lay. We use this latter word only as a verb. In this case the London Aldermen have no land that they know of where this estate is said to be, and no town-clerk that they ever had could find that they ever had any such land. They are, therefore, year after year, solemnly doing this "service" almost, as it would seem, for the fun of it. The Lord Treasurer of England (no one less) and the Barons of the Exchequer must be present, to see it done, on "the morrow of St. Michael"; and, at the first or second time of seeing, if they let themselves put two or three things together, must think it a piece of excellent fooling. It would be a pretty thing to see and show just where is the difference in national characteristic between the Russians, finding out, one hundred and fifty years after, that they had forgotten to take off a sentinel set for a few nights to walk before the bed-room-door of one of the Czar's visitors, and the English, keeping up this practice for no other reason than that it has come down without any reason for its ever having begun.

An old custom at Oxford brings down with it, from a good many hundred years back, a strange historical surrounding. On St. Scholastica's Day the Mayor and sixty-two townsmen, specially chosen, offer yearly at St. Mary's Church sixty-three pence, in memory of the barbarous murder of sixty-three "innocent scholars" by the townsmen, in the reign of Edward Third. Another custom, at Newcastle-on-Tyne, is an odd reminder. The corporation of that town are bound to entertain the Judges of Assize, and protect them to Carlisle. A pleasant substitute for their "protection," and a fair equivalent, the judges now receive, in the shape of a golden twenty-shilling piece of Charles the First, "*to buy a dagger.*"

"Eton Montem" is known, to most of us Americans who know anything about it, from Miss Edgeworth; but who that had not read beyond Miss Edgeworth would guess that the whole thing—the choosing, the going in procession, and all—is, as this book says, only the leavings of the old ceremonies and observances of that strange efflorescence of the Church before the Reformation, the "Boy Bishop"? In the public schools and among the choristers of the cathedrals and the collegiate churches, it was customary for the boys yearly, on St. Nicholas's Day, to choose one of their number a bishop. Thus, in the statutes of St. Paul's School, in London, of date 1518 (Knight's 'Life of Colet'), we find the following provision by Dean Colet, the founder: "All these children shall, every Childermas Daye, come to Paule's Church and hear the Childe Bishop sermon; and after be at the hygh masse, and each of them offer a 1 d. to the Childe Bishop, and with them the Maisters and Surveyors of the Scole." From the statute "De Episcopopo Choristarum" of Salisbury Cathedral it ap-

pears that this puny prelate held his office till the close of Childermas (Holy Innocents)—about one month. He was by no means a mere name of a thing. He made a visitation of his little diocese, wearing mitre, bearing crozier, and attended by the other boys as his prebendaries. On the eve of Childermas he made a solemn procession, in this order: Dean and Canons, Chaplains, Boy Bishop and his [Boy] PREBENDARIES—Canons residentiary bearing incense and Book, minor canons in copes, bearing tapers—choristers, at each side. On Childermas Day in procession he entered the choir at the west door; the dean and canons took the lowest place; the chaplains, the middle; the scholars, with their bishop, the last and highest; he went through the whole office, except celebration of the sacrament of the altar; fumigated the altar and image of the Trinity, and gave the Benediction. The St. Paul's Boy Bishop delivered a sermon. In some places this little functionary had revenues; at Cambrai he had the bestowal of any prebend that fell in during his term, and generally bestowed it upon his preceptor—a reversal of nepotism which would commonly do little harm and would not give much offence.

It is comfortable to know that, strange as this practice was, the whole observance was conducted with remarkable decency, propriety, and even solemnity; very differently from that of the Lord of Misrule, chosen likewise yearly, in great houses. "Mysteries" and "Miracle-plays" held a large place of their own long ago in England; and as late as the sixth year of Queen Bess's time there remained these properties in St. Swithin's Church, and elsewhere in London after the acting of "Tobit": "First, hell-mouth with a nether chap. Item, a prison, with a covering. Item, Sarah's chambre. Item, a great idol with a club. Item, a tomb with a covering. Item, the city of Jerusalem, with towers and pinnacles. . . . Item, Old Tobye's house," and a good deal more, taking in "a firmament, with a fiery cloud and a double cloud." So the Church, in that day, fed its children and kept up with the times, according to the best of its notion.

Among specimens of dialect the 'Exmoor Courtship,' and the 'Exmoor Scolding,' and the Letter from the Shetland Islands, are worth the studying by any man who has skill in such things, and worth the working through by any one who has but a smattering of them.

There is an account here of London Pageants, Royal Progresses, Lord Mayor's Shows, 'Barring-out,' as a genuine custom, recognized by masters, as well as scholars, in an important English school. In short, there is a great deal more in these two volumes than we can touch; but we hope to leave with the reader a long taste for more. We will sharpen it a little further by these truly Irish specimens of a wedding, in which the ground is well cleared of the elder generation to make way for a new race. In the County of Kilkenny, a farmer's son, being refused a neighbor's daughter, twelve years old, ran off with her; but, the girl having been brought back and married to a lad of fourteen, the former lover, with a party of armed men, besieged the rival's house, got the father-in-law killed, and several of the besiegers wounded to death—all, so far, with perfect success. After all, however, he lost the bride. In another case, in Killaloe, on a convenient Sunday, 114 years ago, Edmund Herbert's house was broken into by sixteen or seventeen ruffians, because he was counted rich and had an only daughter; the girl was carried off, and the father left dying, and the mother "languishing in a most deplorable condition." A little Iricism will be seen in the treatment of father-in-law and mother-in-law, respectively, that whereas in most nations the latter is said to be the object of special animosity,



these warlike wooers made sure of the father's going to some other world, at whatever cost.

And now for a little bit of criticism. We find some things, of absolutely no worth to tolerably-well-informed readers, taking to themselves a good deal of room; and we find a good many misprintings, in Greek, Latin, French, Spanish, and English, indiscriminately, of which some hurt the sense; the text might have been greatly retrenched, to good purpose, and the proofs ought to have been read more carefully. The indexes, though not perfect, are good; the Editor's Notes add much to the books. The second volume is less open to fault-finding than the first; the coming volumes are of good promise. We heartily wish the work success.

#### RECENT NOVELS.

*Doctor Sevier.* By George W. Cable. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

*A Yankee School Teacher in Virginia.* A Tale of the Old Dominion in the Transition State. By Lydia Wood Baldwin. Funk & Wagnalls.

*Between the Heather and the Northern Sea.* By M. Linskill. Harper's Franklin Square Library.

*Judith Shakespeare.* By William Black. Harper & Brothers.

*Tales of Three Cities.* By Henry James. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

It must be owned that even those who greatly admired Mr. Cable's earlier work have found 'Doctor Sevier' slightly wearisome. The story fails to take the closest hold upon us, sometimes because the scale is too wide, and sometimes for the very opposite reason, that the execution is too minute. The manifold life of New Orleans, the miseries of hospital and prison, an experience of yellow fever, the breaking out of the war, the marching of troops both from New Orleans and New York, a whole romance of the border in an escape through the lines, the surrender of New Orleans itself—would be rather too much for five hundred pages, even if there were some adequate plan of composition; but Mr. Cable can devote ten pages to an unsuccessful hunt for lodgings, and a whole paragraph to a gesture. The annalist or the chronicler requires a very different faculty from that which can arrange a single group to present the one situation of a short story. Only the greatest novelists have had both.

The book begins where most novels end. Doctor Sevier, a physician now in the full tide of success, has lost, many years before, his young wife, and now lives, in the midst of good fortune, a solitary life—"a lonely man, with frowning good intentions." A professional call makes known to him John Richling, a young man, a stranger, struggling for a foothold in the great city; but he is blessed with a perfect wife, for whom he has given up fortune, home, and friends. The two men are thus set as contrasts to each other, and so remain to the end. All Richling's efforts are useless, and the pair come to such straits that he at last sends the wife home to her mother. The war intervenes, and she returns to him only an hour or two before his death, worn out by the sufferings of his poverty. "What are the uses of all this hardship?" he asks, as his last hope fails. It must be confessed Doctor Sevier's reply has rather the sound of a formula: "Only just here, very lately, I've learned to call the meekest, loveliest One that ever trod our earth, Master; and it's been your life, my dear fellow, that has taught me"—while the dissertation that follows, to prove that "the poor are a godsend to the rich," must have fallen coldly on the ears of a dying man. It was the author's evident intention to present a type of courage and patience in

the most sordid and hopeless conditions of life. "Why is light given to a man whose way is hid, and whom God hath hedged in?" Gallantly to fight a losing battle is high heroism; but to win full sympathy, the barriers must not be of one's own making: the battle must be a duty imposed, not a quarrel of one's own seeking. Mr. Cable has not supplied sufficient motive for Richling's life to make him the hero that he would; for, except to romantic youth for whom love is enough, filial piety has claims, and a wilful marriage is deliberate selfishness. There is also a grave difficulty about Doctor Sevier's position. We are to believe that the loneliness of his personal life is made all the sadder by the worldly honor and prosperity which surround him. How comes it, then, that he is never able, with all his friends, to find any employment for Richling? Given the friends and the philanthropic soul, something ought to have come of them.

Turning to the *mise-en-scène*, there is less of characteristic New Orleans, its perpetual charm and fascination, than one would expect. The reason may be not merely that the fortunes of the Richlings led only into wretched places, but certain things can be done only once. And so far as mere description goes, Mr. Cable's earlier stories have covered the ground. It is, however, an omission so marked and curious that the negro should have been left out, that it could only have been of deliberate purpose. We had almost said he never once appears, yet in those later years of the fifties, the rich, soft voice, the mellow laugh, was as all-pervading in New Orleans as the sunshine. We are far from saying we wish he had been put in—another dialect would have been quite too much—but there is a blank in the picture. This matter of dialect (a more exact word is wanting) has been carried to excess. As if Irish, German, and Creole of two or three varieties were not enough, there is the lisping English of a clergyman. The temptation offered by the opportunity of working in a new field is, of course, a strong one, but even a novelty tires. It is possible that much of the grievance felt by the Creoles in regard to Mr. Cable's work is due to this one cause. Any one with much experience of people has learned that very odd pronunciation is entirely compatible with a refined intonation. From long habit grotesque spelling suggests only vulgarity, and it is late to make new associations in that respect. The Creoles may not have marked intellectual traits, but they are socially much cultivated, and possess a singular delicacy and refinement. There are those who will recall how much they were reminded of them when the high-class Japanese first made their appearance in this country.

It is not strange that the pronounced opinion of the book as to the war should have brought out protests, that no man in such a matter has the right to speak for any one but himself. To say to the North, "Your cause was just," would be impossible to many men who do believe that the end, as it came, was, after all, best, and who would not bring back the old order. Mr. Cable may have confused the practical acceptance of the result, the feeling of relief from a burden, with a logical conviction as to right or wrong. There are eloquent pages, graphic chapters, pages of drollery or of pathos that only a master-hand could write. More than one of the episodes which here but delay rather than aid the main action, are worthy a name and a place of their own. It is not time yet for general inferences. A man ought to try different kinds of work, and if it proves that Mr. Cable is not so successful upon this larger canvas, the way is open to him to return to the plans and methods which won him fame.

The sayings and doings of a dozen negro families with nothing novel or individual in their

characters can only be trite and tedious. The field has been worked till it is exhausted for the ordinary story-teller. The same is true of the stories of the fallen fortunes of the old masters, and of the adventures of the pretty schoolmistresses who in the end marry the one heir to whom anything is left. This, be it understood, is not said of life itself—that is endless in its opportunities—but of so much of it as has been taken for stock-in-trade for the lower levels of fiction. The tale of a 'Yankee School Teacher in Virginia' is especially absurd and perverting. It is easy to believe in the sweet wisdom, the gentle power, of Marion Stone, but the idea of her loving a man like Percy Darnell is revolting. We know him but from two incidents in his life: the one is a piece of horrible brutality, the other shows him a mixture of the braggart and the coward. At last he is desperately wounded by the shot of an outraged negro, and, of course, according to this kind of story, Marion, who has all along scorned him as she ought, comes to his sick-bed as to an accepted and recognized lover. Such extravagant *non-sequiturs* will probably always survive in fiction, but we hope never again to find anything so hideous as the reply Darnell makes to her when she volunteers to him the confession that her heart is entirely his.

The negro speech which fills the chief part of the book is good as an imitation, but it is not the genuine article. There were peculiarities about the real speech in the old time of great significance as distinct results of slavery. Their existence and their gradual disappearance (if they do disappear) will be alike important to the student of language as the reflection of life, but these counterfeit specimens will puzzle him. Obviously the peculiarities might show themselves in the avoidance of words quite as markedly as in the adoption of them. Before the war, the word *slave* was not in use among the whites in the South, and certainly never was heard from the negroes themselves. It would be interesting to know whether the negroes have now changed in this respect. So early as 1870, the Aunt Mollys and Uncle Caesars would have talked of "the dark time" and "the bad time," and of "dwelling in the land of bondage," but hardly, as Miss Baldwin makes them, about "the slave time" and "the slave folk."

'Between the Heather and the Northern Sea' would be an agreeable story, rather after Mrs. Oliphant's manner, were it not for the exaggeration and improbability of the character which represents the evil element in the little group. A woman of beauty, position, and fortune loves, without return, a young artist. As time passes, an engagement is made with a neighbor, and broken. After the lapse of almost twenty years the artist, still unconscious of her love, reappears with his daughter, with whom the neighbor now falls in love. To pursue the latter with threats of suit for breach of promise, to tantalize the poverty-stricken artist with orders for pictures, and then to break his heart by a scornful rejection of them, make up the pleasing revenge which Miss Richmond enjoys; yet she disappears upon the last page yielding to the offer of a baronet who knows all, "and the knowledge does but lend a depth to his tenderness." This author, like Miss Baldwin, has learned just so much of construction as to know that there must be contrasts or struggles put into a story to make it dramatic, but there is the same lack of experience to draw from, and the same want of intuition as to probability. It is a great part of the inspiration of genius to know what one does not know, and to let it alone.

So sweet and gracious a figure as 'Judith Shakespeare' would be sure of a welcome even if presented by an unknown hand in the pages of *Harper's Magazine*. It was well imagined of

Mr. Black to choose her as the centre of a sketch of English country life in the early seventeenth century—call it pastoral or idyl, as one pleases. If it was somewhat hazardous to put a story so close in place and time to 'Kenilworth,' he has chosen a side of the life so different as not to provoke comparison with Scott. There is not the strength or the vividness of his own earlier work, but he has balanced character and circumstance more justly than of late. The smooth-flowing Avon, the wide white skies, the sunny rose-filled garden make fit place for his pretty maids, but they do not overweight the story, as his west-coast landscapes had grown to do.

The 'Tales of Three Cities,' now gathered together from the *Century*, show Mr. James at his best. It is a pity that they will perhaps be fully appreciated only by an inner circle of readers. It can hardly be expected in these days of abundant sunflower decorations, of chromos (in books as well as pictures), that the labor of the cunning worker in ivory, or of the lapidary, will find wide recognition. An English reviewer not long since congratulated his readers on finding a novel in which the matter was worth more than the manner, intending a sharp side-thrust at people who devote elaborate workmanship to brief and simple subjects. It is as much as to say, If you only have a big enough canvas and deep enough pots of color, it makes no difference how you put the color on. We do not mean to ask of the fresco-painter the touch of the miniaturist, but the one is as bound to reach the standard of perfection in his own line as the other. The reviewer, so far from rejoicing in the superiority of the matter over the manner of the novel, should say, What might not this novel be if the manner had been equal to the matter? Mr. James can wait to be understood, but meanwhile it is a downright loss to many persons to bar themselves from the pleasure they might have, by two or three perfectly gratuitous assumptions for which they are indebted to their own carelessness, or to the narrowness of superficial criticism. It was an early mistake, that need not have been so perversely clung to, that in certain sketches Mr. James intended types. In fact, their great merit lay in the very precise and delicate drawing of distinct individuals. It was pure wilfulness on the part of the public that set them up as types.

In the tales before us there should be noted, as a piece of literary form, the unswerving steadiness with which "the point of view" is kept. It is rarely made the purely personal one of the author himself, to whom all things may be known, but, having chosen the pair of eyes through which to look upon the world, he gives us with scrupulous fidelity what those eyes see. The book affords many happy instances of Mr. James's special faculty of description. It is reminiscent rather than creative. It gives not so much the scene itself as the thought and sentiment awakened by it; so that, through memory and association, it touches us more closely than any mere word-painting could. Granted that this form of description will not speak to the stranger, it is a finer force that can throw into new light and perspective the familiar ways in which we walk. This bit has a double felicity coming from a woman: "this clean-swept sky, whose depths of blue air do very well, doubtless, for the floor of heaven, but are quite too far away for the ceiling of earth. The sky over here seems part of the world at large; in Europe it's part of the particular place." This contrast between "over here" and "in Europe" has brought Mr. James some hard words from those who understand "loyal" as meaning to be blind and deaf to any comparisons. But the fact is, we are all the time making comparisons. He has only given them voice. Moreover, if we were not making comparisons, we ought to be. How does all this

new life and character look by the side of the old? How does this young, vigorous, untrammelled life, with all its imperfections and all its hopes, comport itself brought face to face with the old? If we do not care to know it, we ought to. To put one's self outside of one's own surroundings (*Entfremdung*, the Germans call it), in order to judge of them, is a positive duty; and as a means thereto, the pictures of fiction are not to be slighted.

"The New England Winter" will be pronounced the best of the three sketches—outside of Boston, where they may not approve of a young impressionist "with a great deal of eye," who, within that honored precinct—

"felt at moments that he was in a city of women, in a country of women. . . . The talk, the social life, were so completely in the hands of the ladies, the masculine note was so subordinate, that on certain occasions he could have believed himself (putting the brightness aside) in a country stricken by a war, where the men had all gone to the army, or in a seaport half depopulated by the absence of its vessels."

We have before alluded to the coincidence between the conclusions of Mr. Grant White in 'The Fate of Mansfield Humphreys' and of Mr. James in 'Lady Barberina.' The inferences that might be made therefrom would take us too far; we only pause to say that the pages sparkle with delicate points, and the figures of the heroine and her American husband stand out like clear-cut cameos. Romance and realism, after all, may go hand in hand in fiction; for what could be more romantic than to set "the heir of all the ages" to woo "a daughter of the Crusaders," and what more realistic than thus to confront him with "the problem of domesticating one's wife"?

#### ILLUSTRATED BOOKS.—II.

*A Sentimental Journey through France and Italy.* Illustrations by Maurice Leloir. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

*Nature's Serial Story.* By E. P. Roe. Illustrated by W. Hamilton Gibson and F. Dielman. Harper & Bros.

*Some Modern Etchings.* Original Plates by S. G. McCutcheon and Others. Text by J. R. W. Hitchcock. White, Stokes & Allen.

THE *édition de luxe* of Sterne's 'Sentimental Journey,' clearly a labor of love on the part of the artist, is one of the most noteworthy revivals of an English classic which publishing enterprise has given us. It contains 220 illustrations in the text and twelve full-page compositions, the former, in our opinion, maintaining the pictorial supremacy. The tricky fantasy of a side-thought comments and illuminates the text when the more studied and orthodox full-page illustration falls into formality and redundancy, merely repeating in a pictorial version the passage of the story it relates to, and makes only an echo whose greatest virtue is that it shall be an exact echo. The head-pieces, initials of chapters, and tail-pieces are, on the whole, the work of greatest merit, of an infinite fancy, graceful, drawn as no one can draw today but Frenchmen, and as very few even of them can. The head-piece to the memoirs of Sterne, a trophy of travel, is an admirable example of pictorial commentary, and the tiny head of Sterne himself, peeping out of the window of the *désobligent* as he drives away, could hardly be bettered as a vivacious portrait of the author. As an example of the illustrator's powers the tail-piece on page 2 may be referred to especially, as showing how terse his humor and how subtle his drawing of the figure. The tail-piece on p. 54 is another of those bits of figure drawing that strike the key on which the best of French design is pitched—a man waiting, and another looking out at the doorway and clearly calling an attendant. The head-piece of "The Wig,"

of "Paris," p. 108, and the tail-pieces at pp. 80, 133, 149, and 180 are lessons in subtle and refined drawing and illustration. These and the vignettes seem to be an admirable reproduction by "process." The full-page drawings are photogravures. The typography of the 'Sentimental Journey' is in the best style.

Prominent for its illustrations, among the holiday books, is 'Nature's Serial Story,' a too prosy and preachy romance, which has appeared in *Harper's Monthly* during the parting year. One is led to suspect that it was designed mainly with a view to furnishing opportunity for illustration, and of these the naturalistic head and tail-pieces are certainly *chefs d'œuvre* of wood-cutting and natural history. We must except, as design, what seems to us a sheer absurdity—an eagle frozen up alive, which in so essentially unimaginative a novel seems a little Oriental. The cuts on pages xvii and 229 are *tours de force* in their way, quite worthy an art museum; and children who love flowers and birds and snow will take a rapturous delight in the minor illustrations, such as those on pages x, xiii, 18, 50, 65, 67, 94, 116, 121, 261, 311, etc., etc. Of the larger cuts the landscapes are the best, the figure subjects falling too completely into the spirit of the story, and posing all through.

The fashion of etching and the rage for etchings have, as we remarked last year, overrun all perception of the true aim and special excellences of the art. It has got to be a fad, and virtues are attributed to it which have more relation to the tricks of brushwork and palette-knife than they have to true art. Dodges of biting in and mannerisms of the needle are no compensation for genuine power of drawing and noble execution, and of these latter qualities there is very little in the etchings which flood the market. We cannot agree with Mr. Hitchcock, in his preface to 'Some Modern Etchings,' that "the recognition earned by American painter-etchers in English societies and exhibitions, and to some extent on the Continent, not only entitles them to pride in their present achievements, but is full of promise as to their future rank in comparison with etchers of other nationalities." The self-complacency that gives birth to the slovenly work which most of the American etching is, does not contribute to progress, and the quality of the work is in general not such as to promise high excellence in the future. It is impossible to point out in this series of etchings more than two or three instances of genuine devotion to form, and to the sound principle that the leading lines shall absolutely dominate all other work on a plate. The only peculiar advantage in etching is that an artist can render in his own way, and with his peculiar subtlety, the most delicate meaning of his forms. Textures, etc., are better given by other styles of engraving; and if the etcher is not a thorough draughtsman, his work may be superficially attractive and meretriciously refined, yet will not have the solid merit and true refinement of great art.

The trivial quality of most of the work of last year's exhibition finds its expression in this portfolio. Most of the etchings are really not worth perpetuating, and only one is really fine, or in any way distinguished from the amateur work in this country, of which there is by far too much. We refer to the portrait of Rembrandt by Mr. King, which is a solid, genuine piece of work, and does really give promise of great excellence beyond its present attainment. The "Driving Sheep" of Mr. Monks is not worthy his reputation, while the "Clarinet Player," "A Tramp," and "Never Too Late to Mend" (based on a stupid joke) are trivialities hardly worth putting in pen and ink. "An Old Master at Last" is a flimsy bit of caricature, the "Evening Star" has no delicacy of drawing or etching, and the



"Ponte San Trinità" is flimsier than Pennell's etchings generally are, and libels the noble quality of Florentine architecture, with its tumble-down tower of the Palazzo Vecchio. We cannot congratulate the publishers on the collection.

#### CHILDREN'S BOOKS.—III.

THERE is to be no lack of fairy-tale collections this year. The 'Last Fairy Tales,' by Édouard Laboulaye (Harper & Bros.), are for the most part the same as in the English edition we had occasion to notice the other day. Here, however, we have an authorized translation by Miss Booth, free from the unscholarly disfigurements of its predecessor. The volume contains all the tales for children not embraced in Laboulaye's 'Fairy Book' published some years ago by the Messrs. Harper. They are borrowed from many European nations, and have both the literary and the ethical stamp which their compiler knew how to impress upon them. These qualities and the profuse illustrations must recommend the book to parents and children alike.

Mrs. Kate Freilgrath Kroeker would seem from her name to have an inherited capacity for translating the work of a poet, and this she has done, in spite of some grammatical slips, with delightful ease and freedom in her selection called 'Fairy Tales from Brentano' (London: T. Fisher Unwin; New York: Scribner & Welford). The extravagant invention and absurd surprises of these stories are simply irresistible, while in the descriptions of nature and in allegorical passages which old heads will take pleasure in unfolding to young ones, there is a peculiar poetic quality of a high order. This is visible in a story not essentially original ("Ninny Noddy"), as in those which are. Mrs. Kroeker, by the way, having noted in her preface that Brentano "was the first to introduce the Loreley into literature," might have given a line to the relation between "Sir Skip-and-a-Jump" and the Mephistophelian song in 'Faust'—

"Es war einmal ein König,  
Der hatt' einen grossen Floh," etc.

The illustrations, from pen-and-ink drawings by Mr. F. Carruthers Gould, have the vital merit of being humorous, though a little crude in execution.

Mrs. Burton Harrison's 'Old-Fashioned Fairy Book' (Scribners) serves up the old properties in a skilful manner, tempering with a modern farcical admixture the high seasoning of ogres, witches, monsters, and cruelty demanded by her home auditors—the only begetters of this volume. Brief prose abstracts of certain metrical romances of the Middle Ages are added to the author's own inventions. Parents will find Mrs. Harrison's Introduction a charming piece of writing. Miss Emmet's illustrations are in the main very clever, and the grace of some could not easily be surpassed. There is a pleasing little landscape in the head-piece on p. 144.

A nondescript performance is Mrs. Molesworth's moralizing 'Christmas-Tree Land' (Macmillan). If not an allegory it is at least a mystery, and we doubt if it will satisfy children in spite of many interesting characters and situations, and the author's customary descriptive power. She is always refined in feeling and in style, and her English would be exceptionally good if she were more scrupulous in the use of *shall* and *will*. "Settledly," too, on p. 66, is a queer adverb.

Mary P. W. Smith, in 'Jolly Good Times,' has given us a charming book in her records of 'The Browns' (Roberts Bros.). Unusual grace and vivacity mark the style, while every incident seems accurately natural. The baby's talk and amusements, the boy's roughness, the children's squabbles, are all delineated with amusing life likeness, while the lessons of forbearance, kindness, obe-

dience, independence, weave themselves into the narrative as they do in real experience of wholesome family life, and not in a forced or didactic way. The Browns are supposed to have their home in Cincinnati, and the "local coloring," including some account of the devastations of the flooded Ohio, is not without interest.

A wise-looking brown owl, with a golden moon for background, symbolically decorates a little volume by G. Hamlin, called 'Chats' (Lee & Shepard). The 'Chats' are really little sermons or lectures, incorporated in pleasant, sprightly talks, with sometimes a chapter that is scarcely anything but an essay, and occasionally a story or fantasy to vary the seriousness. The wisdom inculcated is of various kinds, hygienic, social, moral, educational, etc.; and our young folks need it all, and would be the better for reading so sensible a little book. Once in a while the author's opinions seem too positive in regard to trifles, but in general every dictum is admirable. The chapter, for example, called "Brain or Stomach," abounds in common sense. "Judging in Haste," "Preparing to be Old," "She Would be a Poetess," are the titles of some of the topics discussed. The book has been written in a very earnest spirit, and cannot fail to do good.

'Flaxie Growing Up' is the sixth of the Flaxie Frizzle Stories (Lee & Shepard). It is a pretty little book and pleasantly written, though the incidents savor considerably of the story-teller's regular stock-in-trade. Flaxie, as here depicted, is not so charming as Sophie May's younger heroines. Miss Pike's vision, though of course not meant to be understood literally, might easily puzzle or mislead children, and is in bad taste from any point of view.

From the same publishers comes 'Pretty Lucy Merwyn,' by Mary Lakeman. The sad dedication would almost disarm criticism, and yet we cannot help feeling that the story is a very sketchy one, not sufficiently filled in, and not informed with any very vital interest. Still, the domestic pictures are pleasing, the conversation sensible, the moral instruction good—notably in the chapter treating of Lucy's visiting the "highways and byways"—while the love passages are so very sedate and unexciting that the most rigid objector could not consider them as unfitting the book to be read by the young girls for whom it is designed.

Occasionally, perhaps, the story of a mischievous and "funny" child can be so written that it passes, like some high comedies, into a region of absurdity with which moral rules seem to have nothing to do. A. G. Plympton, in 'The Mary Jane Papers' (White, Stokes & Allen), has not succeeded in producing this effect, and has failed even in the less difficult task of making the moral lessons tell. Mary Jane, who is herself the narrator, is undeniably smart, and the record of her misdeeds is very amusing; but she is pert, disagreeable, and unfeeling, and her occasional touches of compunction and sober afterthought do not suffice to raise the general tone of the book from one of depressing and vulgar heartlessness. Nevertheless, some of the chapters have been endorsed by St. Nicholas, where they previously appeared.

'The French Prisoners,' by Edward Bertz (Macmillan), though a story of the Franco-Prussian war, is not a stirring tale of battle-fields. On the contrary, while the great events of the war are alluded to, the main interest attaches to the life of some French prisoners in a fortified town of Germany, and in especial to the friendship between one of their number and three German youths attending school in the same place. The author aims to teach something higher than what is commonly called patriotism, and to make it clear that a far nobler thing than military achievement is the promotion of "peace and

good-will to men." The book is essentially Christian, not only in dogma and form of words, but in expression of that spirit of peace and love which is the root idea of Christianity. The chapter telling of the vengeance wreaked on Krakel would have seemed more in accordance with the rest of the book had it contained some condemnation of that vengeance. On the other hand, Lamain, the young Frenchman, would awaken more lively interest if he had been described as more of a soldier and less of a saint. The style of the book is not of the best, but the substance should secure it a place in every Sunday-school library.

Mr. Samuel Adams Drake's part in the showy book, 'Our Great Benefactors' (Boston: Roberts Bros.), is certainly the bulk of it. It contains too much, like the generality of his works; and if we may judge from his 'New England Legends,' his own hand is to be seen, in the chapters now under consideration, wherever we come upon an excess of commonplace moralizing. Mr. Parten's 'Captains of Industry' is much to be preferred to this compilation. The portraits, as a whole, are irredeemably bad, often libellous in the highest degree. The best-known personages suffer equally with the least-known; Lincoln, for example, is disguised almost beyond recognition. The money wasted on these and on the so-called "emblematic embellishments" would have secured excellent copies of the best existing likenesses.

The foreign origin of the pretty colored plates in 'Pictures of Other Folks at Home' (Boston: Estes & Lauriat) is tolerably clear. Each shows the map of a European country, its flag, arms, specimen postage stamp, with other designs, clustered about the figure of a young patriot, boy or girl. The text consists of rhymed letters home from a party of tourists—geography taught in doggerel of not a very high order. More spirited, and of better rhythm, are the geographical verses in 'Natural History Plays, Dialogues, and Recitations,' by Louisa P. Hopkins (Boston: Lee & Shepard). But the Muse has a hard time of it in the natural-history portion, as in the "reading-lesson" on the Fur Seal of Alaska, of which we subjoin the sixth stanza:

"The monsters storm the islands,  
Settle volcanic highlands;—  
Six hundred pounders plucky—  
Growling in echoing thunders,  
Tusked, elephantine wonders,  
Beach masters, Holluschucke."

There are several "movement-plays," like "In the Sea," in which the coral leads off by declaring:

"I'm a happy polyp,  
Floating up and down."

And the title, narrow as it is, covers memorial verses to Lincoln and Garfield, an Easter Day hymn, and an Ode to Science.

The hero of 'Perseverance Island' (Lee & Shepard) is wrecked upon a desert island in the South Pacific, saving nothing but his clothes, a few nails, a bit of rope, an anchor, some garden seeds, and three books, the most important being a 'Compendium of Useful Arts and Sciences.' Having passed four years of his life in a machine shop, he is able from these scanty resources to make a fire, distil sea-water, and forge a knife and spear from his anchor. Then having discovered an iron mine and some saltpetre, he manufactures gunpowder, makes bricks, builds a smelting house and blast furnace, and turns out excellent Bessemer steel. After this it is but a simple matter for him, with the aid of his 'Compendium,' to construct tools, including a planing machine and lathe, to make guns and cannon, to build a saw-mill, a submarine boat the motive power of which is furnished by two goats, a steam yacht, and finally a flying-machine. It is perhaps a necessary characteristic of this "nineteenth-century Crusoe" that he is possessed with a feverish desire for riches, which he satisfies in

discovering a bed of pearl oysters, a pirate's sunken treasure, and a gold mine. The design of the author (Mr. Douglas Frazar), to prove "the limitless ingenuity" of man, was a good one, and had he kept within the bounds of reason and probability he would have made a more successful book. As it is, the interest is lost and the patience is overtaxed in the attempt to understand the details of his various inventions.

Mr. Alfred St. Johnston, who, in his 'Camping among Cannibals,' has already related many of his interesting experiences in the South Seas, has recently adapted some of his material to youthful readers in a story called 'Charlie Asgarde' (Macmillan & Co.). It is a narrative of the adventures of two young Englishmen who, on a voyage to New Zealand, are shipwrecked and cast away upon an island of the Fiji group. It is a good story, and although touching upon the horrors of cannibalism, is pleasantly told. The hero, in fact, has the decided advantage over some of his countrymen in playing an active rather than a passive part at a cannibal feast.

*Selected Prose Writings of John Milton.* With an introductory essay by Ernest Myers. [The Parchment Library.] D. Appleton & Co. 1884.

MR. MYERS, in his brief introduction to this book of selections, remarks that Milton's prose is interesting to posterity because of his poetry, rather than on its own account. This is in a measure true; yet it seems more true than it is because Milton's poetry is so overshadowing in its height. It counts against Milton that the practical activity of his mind was directed almost exclusively to politico-theological subjects, and that in dealing with them he employed the apparatus of the folio-learning that is now decayed. The modern political spirit was yet too young; the alliance of ancient English ideas with secular philosophy, instead of Hebrew history, was yet too far in the future, for his disquisitions on the principles of liberty in church, state, and marriage to become a part of living political philosophy. The works of Bolingbroke, for example, are nearer to us in matter as well as in style; and the difference in the associations called up by the two names marks how far behind us we have left both Milton's topics and his method of treating them. But Milton's prose is read much more than Bolingbroke's. There is a loftiness in its strain, an eloquence which fuses all that reluctant ore of learning, everywhere the large language of a liberal mind; and passages of such supreme beauty and luminous truth, disclosing so noble and fine a spirit, are so frequent that the reader passes over the antiquated residuum as easily as over Plato's discussions of the squares and roots.

The greatest charm attaches to the autobiographical passages, in which he speaks either directly of himself, his purposes and experience, or indirectly, by his exaltation of poetry and the office of poet. Most of these are well known now, being as they are among the most refined and elevated single sentences and paragraphs in English, and will be found here imbedded in their original slag. But apart from the amplitude of phrase and glow of spirit that still kindle and bear on the reader, though he only half apprehends what all the pother of prelatry is about, there are only fragments of universal truth to enrich his mind. No great poet, indeed, has been so unfortunate as Milton in the limitations that the topics and the temper of the times put upon his prose writings. It is extraordinary that any of them, conceived and executed in the style they were, survive at all. Nothing but the unrelaxing hold he kept on spiritual things in the flood and rush of all that was most temporary and perishable, enabled him to make his tracts a part of

literature. They do belong to literature in their own right, and would have earned the distinction had he never written more than that prophecy of his great poem when, at the beginning of these controversies, he promised it to men if they would wait. His prose, however, can no more be represented by selections than Assyrian libraries by a brick or two. Instead of making his writings convenient and handy, it would be more fit, ideally, to put all of them into a large folio of the old sort, so that he can go, as he ought, on the same shelf with St. Basil and St. Augustine. To see this dainty volume, and remember it is Milton, gives one the impression of looking through a microscope.

*Trade Unions.* By William Trant. Scribner & Welford.

THIS little book is based upon an essay for which the author received the £50 prize offered at the Trade-Unions Congress. The author evidently is or has been a workingman, and we have found his book interesting, not so much for what it tells us about trade unions—for it is rather disappointing in that respect—as for the unconsciously-drawn picture of the intellectual and moral forces that have created the movement. The historical purpose of the author is constantly defeated by his polemical ardor; he sets out to describe trade unions, and has the greatest difficulty in getting beyond denunciation of employers. This would be amusing were it not too true an indication of the spirit of English workingmen, a spirit that has been developed by struggles as desperate as those that have been waged with iron and blood. The partiality of the law to employers, and the arrogance developed among masters by the institutions of an aristocratical society, have aroused the working classes to a sense of their rights and their wrongs, and the time has almost come when the contest will be settled in their favor. Happily, it is evident that when that time shall have come the bitter feeling that now animates the men will disappear; for no one can read this book without being struck with the capacity for rational discussion that it shows to be prevalent among the members of the unions. The safety of a democracy is said to lie in the education of the people, and the discussions and decisions that trade unions encourage and require are a practical education of the most admirable kind. The intelligence displayed in the action of these bodies, as now constituted in England, is certainly of a high order. We should be glad to see evidence of a corresponding degree of intelligence in the proceedings of similar societies in this country, but at present we fear they are much behind those of Great Britain. So far as this book is concerned, we may say that whoever reads it will be likely to derive encouragement as to the future: to feel that if the workingmen of England are what they seem to be, the government of that country will be safe in their hands.

#### BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

- Adams, W. T. Our Little Ones at Home and in School. Boston: Estes & Lauriat. \$1.75.  
 Alcott, Louisa M. Spinning-Wheel Stories. Boston: Roberts Brothers. \$1.25.  
 Alice, Grand Duchess of Hesse, Princess of Great Britain and Ireland. Biographical Sketch and Letters. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.25.  
 Allen, Prof. A. V. G. The Continuity of Christian Thought: a Study of Modern Theology in the Light of its History. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$2.  
 Almond, Prof. M. B. Estelle, an Idyl of Old Virginia, and Other Poems. Louisville: John P. Morton & Co. 75 cents.  
 Altgeld, J. P. Our Penal Machinery and its Victims. Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co. 50 cents.  
 Armstrong, Fanny L. The Children of the Bible. Fowler & Wells Company. \$1.  
 Bandelier, A. F. Report of an Archaeological Tour in Mexico in 1881. Boston: Cupples, Upham & Co.  
 Baxter, R. S. J. Meditations for Every Day in the Year: Collected from Different Writers. Benziger Brothers. \$2.  
 Berlioz, Hector. Autobiography. Macmillan & Co. 2 vols. \$6.  
 Bertz, E. The French Prisoners. A Story for Boys. Macmillan & Co. \$1.50.  
 Bellamy, C. J. The Way Out. Suggestions for Social Reform. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.  
 Bishop, W. H. Choy Susan, and Other Stories. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.25.  
 Botta, Anna C. Lynch. Handbook of Universal Literature. Revised and brought down to 1885. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$2.  
 Braddon, M. E. The Mistletoe Bough. Harper's Franklin Square Library. 20 cents.  
 Butterworth, H. Poems for Christmas, Easter, and New Year's. Boston: Estes & Lauriat. \$4.  
 Butterworth, H. Zigzag Journeys. Acadia and New France. Illustrated. Boston: Estes & Lauriat. \$1.75.  
 Cable, G. W. The Creoles of Louisiana. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$3.50.  
 Champney, Lizzie W. Three Vassar Girls in South America. Illustrated. Boston: Estes & Lauriat. \$1.50.  
 Chatterbox. 1884. Boston: Estes & Lauriat. \$1.25.  
 Choate, J. B. Elements of English Speech. D. Appleton & Co.  
 Clark, Mrs. S. R. Graham. The Triple "E." Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. 25 cents.  
 Clark, W. P. The Indian Sign Language. With Explanatory Notes. Philadelphia: L. R. Hamersly & Co. \$3.50.  
 Conway, H. Dark Days. Henry Holt & Co. \$1.  
 Cowan, S. K. A Broken Silence: Some Stray Songs. Marcus Ward & Co.  
 Crawford, F. M. An American Politician. A Novel. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.25.  
 Dodge, Mary Mapes. Baby World. Stories, Rhymes, and Pictures for Little Folks. Compiled from St. Nicholas. The Century Co.  
 Drake, S. A. Our Great Benefactors. Boston: Roberts Bros. \$3.50.  
 Early England, from the Earliest Times to the Accession of Henry II. Boston School Supply Co.  
 Footman, Rev. H. Reasonable Apprehensions and Reassuring Hints. James Pott & Co. 50 cents.  
 Froh, H. Where is Heaven? Philadelphia: Lutheran Publication Society.  
 Garden of the Heart. Boston: Estes & Lauriat. \$1.25.  
 Gardiner, R. H. The Admission Registers of St. Paul's School, from 1748 to 1876. London: George Bell & Sons.  
 Harper's Young People. 1884. Harper & Brothers.  
 Harrison, Mrs. Burton. The Old-Fashioned Fairy Book. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.  
 Hawthorne, J. Nathaniel Hawthorne and His Wife. A Biography. In 3 volumes.  
 Hoey, Mrs. Cashel. The Lover's Creed: a Novel. Harper's Franklin Square Library. 20 cents.  
 Holden, H. A. The Economics of Xenophon. Macmillan & Co. \$1.50.  
 Holmes, O. W. Illustrated Poems. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$5.  
 Hoppin, J. M. Pastoral Theology. Funk & Wagnalls. \$2.50.  
 Irving, Fannie Belle. Six Girls: a Home Story for Girls. Illustrated. Boston: Estes & Lauriat. \$1.50.  
 Jackson, Helen. Ramona. A Story. Boston: Roberts Brothers. \$1.50.  
 Kirby, E. N. Vocal and Action-Language. Culture and Expression. Boston: Lee & Shepard. \$1.25.  
 Klein, Dr. E. Micro-Organisms and Disease. An Introduction into the Study of Specific Micro-Organisms. Illustrated. Macmillan & Co. \$1.  
 Kouns, N. C. Dorcas, the Daughter of Faustina. Illustrated. Fords, Howard & Hulbert. \$1.25.  
 Kroecker, Kate E. Fairy Tales from Brentano. London: T. Fisher & Unwin. New York: Scribner & Welford.  
 Laboulaye, E. Last Fairy Tales. Translated by Mary L. Booth. Illustrated. Harper & Brothers.  
 Labbington, R. H. An Historical Atlas. A Chronological Series of Maps at Successive Periods from the Dawn of History to the Present Day. Enlarged Edition. Townsend MacCoun. \$1.50.  
 Lakeman, Mary. Pretty Lucy Merwyn. Boston: Lee & Shepard. \$1.25.  
 Larcom, Lucy. Poetical Works. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$2.  
 Lee, Vernon. Ottilie: An Eighteenth Century Idyl. Scribner & Welford.  
 Lee, J. H. W. T. Lucreti Carl de Rerum Natura. Libri I-III. Macmillan & Co. \$1.10.  
 Leavitt, J. McD. Reasons for Faith in the Nineteenth Century. James Pott & Co. \$1.  
 Lewis, Dr. E. J. The American Sportsman. New ed. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. \$2.50.  
 Lotze, H. Outlines of Metaphysics. Edited by Prof. G. T. Ladd. Boston: Ginn, Heath & Co. \$1.  
 Luckes, Eva E. Lectures on General Nursing. Scribner & Welford.  
 Magazine of Art. Vol. VII. Cassell & Co. \$5.  
 Martin and Bowring. Heine's Book of Songs. White, Stokes & Allen. \$1.  
 May, Sophie. Flaxie Growing Up. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 75 cents.  
 McCosh, Pres. J. A Criticism of the Critical Philosophy. Charles Scribner's Sons.  
 Middle England: From the Accession of Henry II. to the Death of Elizabeth. Boston School Supply Co.  
 Mill, J. S. Principles of Political Economy. A Text-Book for Colleges. D. Appleton & Co.  
 Miner, H. American Dramatic Directory, for the Season of 1884-'85. Wolf & Palmer Dramatic Publishing Co. \$1.  
 Modern England: From the Accession of James I. to the Present Time. Boston School Supply Co.  
 Moleworth, Mrs. Christmas-Tree Land. Macmillan & Co. \$1.25.  
 Muller, F. M. Biographical Essays. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.  
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## Fine Arts.

### THE AUTUMN EXHIBITIONS.

THE Academy autumn exhibition is scarcely a variation from the usual type of the spring exhibition except that while the general character is not higher, there are no notably good pictures to give it point. The only work which a cursory examination discovers with the really unpromising purpose that might be a panacea for the prevailing dullness of our art is No. 272, "Fleur-de-lis," by Luther Knight—a most sincere and pertinacious study of flowers; but even this is marred by the careless way in which the leaves are painted. No. 293, "Angling," by Leon Moran, is a well-painted study of nature, if not as elaborate as might profitably be; excellent in general feeling for color and composition, and so good as to make the critic wonder why the artist did not care to make it better. "The Little Mermaid," by Mr. Church, is in the vein of his fantastic creation, but if it shows anything of his present tendencies, it is that he is growing careless of good execution even in his suggestive vein. "The Interrupted Game," by C. Y. Turner, is a very successful device for relieving portraiture of its *pose plastique*, if it were ever really important that it should be so relieved. "A Gray Morning," by Mr. Rehn, a marine, has a fresh and breezy quality, and the shimmer on the breaking wave of the sky reflection is well rendered. Mr. Bunce's Venices are intolerably indifferent to all good qualities of drawing or execution, and growing more and more leathery in color. The

two of this year go beyond all endurance in a lazy affectation of a masterly method, of which the artist has never laid any foundation of study or hand-training—it is neither truth nor good falsehood. We shall return to the few mediocrities in the collection later.

The exhibition, at the gallery of the American Art Association, of works from the Salon only proves that the standard of the Salon is no higher than that of the Academy of Design, and is for all the world like an average Academy exhibition, with the absolute rubbish mostly left out. No. 35, "Old Willows at Poligny," is, however, as bad, all things considered, as anything in the Academy last spring. No. 103, "The Shipwreck," is poor enough for any bad collection, and "The Toilet," 225, is bad in every sense of the word—crude in color, leathery in quality, ugly as composition, and ill drawn.

There are a few things worth further study, but the general effect of the collection is so depressing that it must be a work of courage and charity to sift it as the need is. It shows clearly, what has been our conviction for a long time, that the influence of French art is utterly disastrous to ours, and that most of the men who remain in Paris long gather all the vices and none of the strength of the French school—they caricature its *chic* and boldness of execution, and never attain the vigor and finesse of drawing of the best men; they adopt the license and forget the discipline. With half-a-dozen exceptions, the young American painters at Paris are simply overpowered and debauched by the mere surface qualities of French painting, and do not show signs of having seen any of its virtues.

### THE WATTS EXHIBITION.—I.

IN that analysis of all art on which alone can be founded sound and comprehensive criticism, we must separate, and weigh apart, the various powers and sympathies whose combination makes the artist. There is no such thing as an abstract standard of excellence for the artist, any more than there is for the poet: the horizon varies—the man is dominant in one, the musician, the inspiration, in another. One is supreme brush-master, like Velasquez; another the mighty moulder, like Michael Angelo, and another the idealist, like Raphael; and therein is the sound application of the maxim, *De gustibus nil disputandum* for the world at large. Not this one, nor that, was the greatest artist, except to one who regarded his peculiar power as more wonderful because more completely foreign to him, the judge. To an ancient Greek, for instance, a Donatello might have been no surprise, but a Titian most certainly would have been a revelation. One critic remains always overcome by the method which is to another the simplest matter in art. One whose sense of color is imperfect may be quite insensible to qualities which stir to rapture a finer eye or more largely educated. And compared with any really great artist, the best critic is ill-educated and poorly qualified to pronounce on the supreme attainments of the art. The work of a painter like Watts, whose greatness no one can dispute, although critics may differ as to the grounds of the claim to greatness, and whose intellectual power is clear to the least competent judge of ancient and pure art, compels a certain modesty of opinion and a definite recognition of what art critics in general are too little disposed to grant—i. e., the right of a great artist to make his own language and impose the standard by which he shall be judged. A master in art does not accept the measuring-stick of the student—he imposes his own; and it needs no profound education to see that Watts's work is magisterial, and of that kind which in

time creates a standard by which alone it can be rated. Like it or dislike it, one may, but the like or dislike will be a matter of education or constitutional competence, or both combined; but so far as it embodies certain views of the artist which are personal or not yet admitted among the canons of criticism, we are compelled to confess that, as indisputable master of his means of expression, the language of art, he is more likely to know what is the adequate expression of his ideal and the comparative value of the ideal itself, than any other man not equally master of the art.

And the proof of Watts's magistry is, to the most commonplace critical ability, evident in his portraits. There is a reported saying of Titian that all art was contained in a bunch of grapes, and in one sense all art may be said to be in a simpler subject, for a rose or a pomegranate which Titian would have painted would have betrayed all his technical powers as did Giotto's O all his drawing. But a portrait shows not only all an artist's art, but all his intellectual power; and we believe it to be a rule without exception that the truest artists as well as the ablest painters of any age were the best portraitists. Watts's art is to us new (i. e., as far as an art whose fundamental character is the same as that of the great Venetians can be said to be new), and so antipodal in all technical and ideal qualities to that which has been the chief pabulum of the American art student so long—the modern French painting—that it will be a great revolution in taste to learn to accept it as what it really is, higher in aim, nobler in its sphere, and really of a stronger quality of workmanship than any modern painting, except the pictures of Millet. Those who are not prepared to accept this judgment will do well to devote their study for a time to the portraits of the collection now visible at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, leaving in abeyance any opinion on the more elaborate works until they have seen how, in every sense of the word, Mr. Watts responds to the demands made of a great portrait painter, the portraitist of his day. The portraits are unequal, some less fortunate than others in the subject, and others betraying the varying physical powers of the painter, whose uncertain health has probably interfered with his work in more ways than one. In the most successful of the examples shown in this collection, such as those of Burne-Jones, Leslie Stephen, Mill, the Duke of Argyll, and Calderon, we are quite of the opinion that the present epoch of art has no other work to show which can be claimed to equal it. Not only are these revelations of character of the subtlest touch, which indeed it needs personal acquaintance fully to appreciate, but they are, as technique, of a *maestria* which the best French work does not approach. Compare, for instance, the portrait in the next gallery, by one of the greatest of living French portraitists, Bonnat, with its aggressive realism and melodramatic rendering of character, with that of Burne-Jones, by Watts, luminous and splendid in color, subdued in its relief, and dignified as a head of Titian, which it more resembles than does any other modern work. It is, indeed, painted substantially on Titian's method, with pure color over a modelled monochromatic under-painting. Look into the execution—large, vigorous, firm in touch, and yet light-handed—no uncertainty or timidity anywhere, with every modulation of tint as pure and transparent as water-color; with some experience in painting one can follow its method down to the under-painting. But take again the portrait of Leslie Stephen, painted in a single sitting, a rapid, certain execution such as no other modern has ever been able to combine with the quality of color here given. It is such an *all'prima* as we have not had since the great Dutch painters.

The painting of the brown beard with a thin, transparent tint rapidly brushed over a white ground, showing the canvas for all its lights, is a piece of execution not in the least ostentatious, but which Rembrandt might have been content with—it is as unaffected as though it had been the painter's signature, and as free. It is not only the highest quality of execution that this portrait gives us, but almost the highest quality of color (the highest being reserved for such painting as that in the Burne-Jones, where the method is more elaborate and adequate); with realization of character of which one can only say that it is, with all its rapidity, quite equal to the more studiously painted—i. e., so far as we are competent to judge, from long acquaintance with both originals. It is that absolute portraiture which embraces the complete individuality. The head of Motley, again, is a rendering of character that haunts one; the strangely searching eyes follow you around the room like a ghost-inhabited canvas. As a study of methods we have never had such a lesson in this country, for there is no prescription in it. It shows the results of many years' researches into the secrets of the *métier*, and if some are more successful in the completed result than others, it is impossible that it should be otherwise, because even in the hands of a master all methods are not alike good. If Mr. Watts had never painted anything but his portraits, we must have given him a position among the greatest painters of all nations and times.

#### CONCERT AND OPERA.

ON Saturday evening the first concert of the Philharmonic Society was given at the Academy of Music. The subscription tickets for these concerts are treasures which only death or a change of residence can induce any one to part with, so that there is very little "floating population"; the large audience remaining almost as unchanging as the musicians and their conductor. The programmes, also, are characterized by a conservative spirit as a rule, although new works are by no means ignored. On this occasion there were two—Brahms's third symphony and Dvořák's *Husitska* overture. Both were heard a few weeks ago at the first Novelties Concert in Steinway Hall; but, whereas the Dvořák improves on acquaintance, the same cannot be said of the Brahms. Indeed, if this symphony is to be accepted as evidence, Brahms has said his last word in music. Thirty-one years ago the world was surprised by a manifesto from the critical pen of Schumann, who broke a ten years' silence to herald the advent of a new genius destined to grant us "wonderful peeps into the mysteries of the spiritual world." Schumann had good ground on which to base his enthusiastic prophecies; for Brahms's early compositions (especially in the department of chamber music) are characterized by sustained power and remarkable originality of rhythm and harmony. But, contrary to the almost universal rule, as he grew older his creative powers seemed to weaken, and now, in his fifty-first year, his imagination has apparently run dry in a desert of commonplace. His first and second symphonies, although lacking clearness, brilliancy of color, and directness of statement, nevertheless contained valuable ideas that were ably worked up. The third symphony is a dreary waste of sound, aimless and void of form. It does, indeed, follow the regular symphonic ruts, but there is a higher kind of form which consists in the natural development of great ideas; and this kind of unity is of course out of the question in a work which contains no ideas at all. The nearest approaches are a few bars in the first movement, curiously suggestive of the chorus of

sirens in "Tannhäuser"; and the opening bars of the second movement, the whole of which for all the world sounds like a set of variations on a certain popular melody in Herold's "Zampa." Two merits the symphony has: it is very short and not abstruse—so far, indeed, from abstruseness that it sounds like kindergarten music, with not a single melodic fragment, harmonic progression, or instrumental device that has not been used a hundred times before. We say all this without a tinge of prejudice, in mere sorrowing wonder. Schubert, Mozart, and even Rubinstein have written symphonies much below their own general level, but nothing to compare with Brahms's third. The directors of the Philharmonic cannot be blamed for producing this work, because it is their duty to give a fair hearing to every new work by a prominent composer; but the faint applause with which the audience damned it (as in Boston, too), clearly implied the hope that it may never again be honored with a place on a Philharmonic programme. A superb performance of Beethoven's magnificent seventh symphony at the other end of the programme merely served to emphasize these critical observations. Between the two symphonies came two vocal selections and the Dvořák overture. Mme. Fursch-Madi scored an immense success with Rubinstein's *Scena and Aria*, "E dunque ver," and a romance from Massenet's "Hérodiade." The *Husitska* overture is one of the latest works of the Bohemian composer, whose fame has grown as rapidly as it deserved to do since his discovery a few years ago. Dvořák having been asked last summer to write a piece for the opening of the Bohemian Theatre in Prague, took this occasion to make an orchestral sketch of the wars of the Hussites. The leading theme consists of a real Hussite hymn, and is developed by the composer into a graphic, turbulent battle scene of which Liszt himself might be proud.

A number of circumstances combined on Monday evening to make the opening performance of the Metropolitan opera season one of the most brilliant and successful events on record in our amusement annals. The auditorium having been redecorated, all the boxes were filled with ladies whose gratified looks seemed to imply that the new and darker background no longer harmonized with only a few dress-colors and styles of beauty, but favored all alike. All the other parts of the house were crowded as on no occasion last year, except perhaps the first night; and the effect of the performance on this audience is best indicated by the statement that not a dozen persons, apparently, left the house before the very last note had been sung.

When Dr. Damrosch, a few months ago, suddenly departed for Europe, fears were entertained by those best informed that he would not be able to secure a good company at such a late hour. But the promise of American salaries, and the love of making new conquests for their native music which seems to be common to all German singers, overcame these difficulties; and it must be admitted that Dr. Damrosch has brought over a remarkably good company. This was proved incontestably last evening, although some of the best artists were held in reserve. Frau Krauss, whose voice is clear, sympathetic, and expressive, interpreted the fine rôle of *Elizabeth* in a manner which showed at once why the audiences in the Italian cities visited by Neumann's Nibelung Company received her with so much enthusiasm. Fräulein Slach, who appears as *Venus*, has a pure, resonant voice, and acted her part with becoming fervor. A specially favorable impression was made by Herr Robinson, who not only has a baritone organ that any Italian

might envy, but who sings in the broad style and with the tenderness and warmth peculiar to the best German singers. The rôle of *Wolfram*, which in ordinary performances seems insignificant, became in his hands one of the most important ones in the opera. Herr Kögel has a sonorous bass voice, which was heard to advantage in the part of the *Landgrave*. Herr Schott, the tenor, proved a disappointment in the first act. His voice was husky, and he seemed to be afraid to emit his tones. But as the play went on, he became better and better, until in the famous narrative in the third act he revealed himself an artist of the highest type. Not only was the quality of his voice satisfactory here, but every tone reflected the meaning of the word to which it is wedded, and his acting was so passionate and realistic that the entire audience watched him with breathless interest.

Of almost all the singers it must be said that there were moments when they slightly deviated from the pitch; but these momentary flaws were soon forgotten in the general excellence of their work and in the manner of their coöperation. Such a harmonious ensemble, indeed, has seldom, if ever, been heard in this country, and certainly never in a Wagner opera. The orchestra, we need not say, was vastly superior to last year's, or to any operatic orchestra we have ever had here. Most of the chorus singers knew their parts as well as the principals, since they had sung them scores of times in Germany; and few have any idea what a relief it is to a critic to be able to listen to such chorus singing without dreading every moment a vocal chaos or an utter collapse. Nor did the audience fail to notice these differences, for their applause was not bestowed on the soloists alone, but assumed the form of a great ovation after the overture and such ensemble numbers as the stirring march and chorus in the second act. There was hardly any disturbing conversation, and every attempt in this direction was quickly suppressed. The audience had evidently not come for the mere purpose of hearing a few dainty solos, but with the serious intention of devouring the whole score—skin, bones, and all. And it was very instructive to notice how much the play itself seemed to interest everybody. Herr Hock is an admirable stage manager, and the conscientious manner in which he had attended to every detail, so as to make the scenery and pageantry harmonize with the music, is worthy of all praise. Those who had neglected to provide themselves with text-books soon noticed that something worth knowing was going on on the stage, and presently the whole parquet was engaged in reading librettos. No one can peruse the text of "Tannhäuser" without becoming convinced that Wagner was a genuine poet and dramatist quite as much as he was a musician; and as the artists in Dr. Damrosch's company are for the most part quite as good actors as they are singers, they are well qualified to demonstrate this fact.

Dr. Damrosch received a warm greeting when he made his first appearance, and he was also recalled with the vocalists after the first and last acts. He had his forces well in hand throughout the evening. Of course, no one could have expected all those innumerable nuances and shades of expression that one hears in a German opera-house, where all the forces have co-operated for years and years; but in its general results—in the harmonious ensemble of music, action, and scenery, soloists, chorus, and orchestra—Monday evening's performance of "Tannhäuser" was as far above the performances of Wagner operas we have been accustomed to in New York as a Delmonico dinner is superior to a free lunch in a Bowery saloon.



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